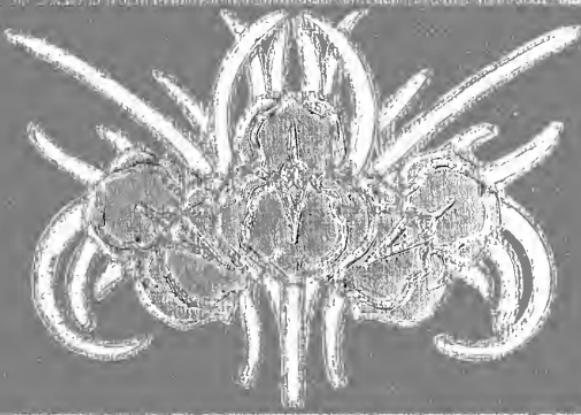
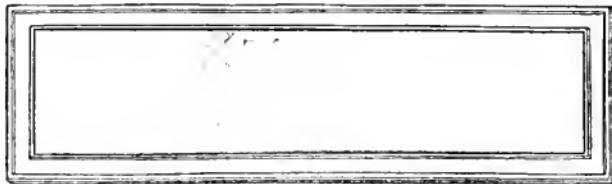


IN OLD FRANCE
AND NEW
by
WILLIAM McLENNAN







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"ON THEIR WAY TO MASS AT LES AUGUSTINS"

IN
OLD FRANCE AND NEW

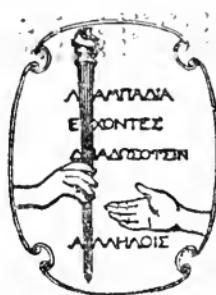
BY

WILLIAM McLENNAN

AUTHOR OF

"THE SPAN O' LIFE" "SPANISH JOHN" ETC.

ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS

1899

BY WILLIAM McLENNAN.

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1056 DORCHESTER STREET,

MONTREAL, July 27, 1899.

DEAR MR. HOWELLS,—

As I have never had opportunity to thank you in person for your early encouragement of my treatment of these French-Canadian sketches, an encouragement which has always been of the highest value to me, I look on it as my good fortune that I am now able to make some acknowledgment by the dedication to you of this little volume.

I am, dear Mr. Howells,

Yours most sincerely,

WILLIAM McLENNAN.

W. D. HOWELLS, Esq.

P R E F A C E

In 1802 there was published in Paris, “chez Lerouge, Cour du Commerce, passage de Rohan, quartier St. Andre des Arcs,” a modest work in two volumes, entitled *Le Château des Tuilleries*, by “P.J.A.R.D.E.” The interest of these little volumes lies in the description of an official visit to the Tuilleries made by the Commissioner appointed by Rolland, at which the writer, Pierre-Joseph-Alexis Roussel d’Epinal (hence the formidable string of initials of the title and the “M. d’Arde” of the stories), with “le lord Bedfort” were present.

Bedford, young, immensely wealthy, simple in his mode of life and exemplary in his morals—for we need not regard Mr. Pigott’s libel in *The Jockey Club* as holding even any measure of truth—was curious to see the progress

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of the revolutionary movement in France, and was allowed every opportunity for so doing.

The authorities in Paris were keen for the approbation of the outside world, and the support of a young noble such as Bedford was to be encouraged; so he was allowed to make one of the party in the investigation, and a very curious recital it all makes in the hands of M. Roussel d'Epinal. In every chapter, almost on every page, is pathetic or tragic wreckage of the lives that were swept away; the King's maps and ironmongery, the Queen's books and needle-work, drawings by the Princesses, and, most touching of all, the first letter of the unfortunate little Dauphin to his father:

“ MON CHER PAPA,—Je suis très-aise d'être en état de vous écrire pour vous souhaiter une bonne année, et vous dire que je vous aime de tout mon cœur.”

They found love-letters, letters from emigrés and other suspected persons, the King's daily record of his hunting, and a hundred other waifs and strays of personal life tossed here and there amid the broken furniture, on which the crowd had spent its fury when there were

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no longer human victims. As they went they talked of the men and women and of the time that had gone; a name, or a riddled picture, or shattered ornament suggested a story, which was told; personal experiences during the tragic opening of the New Era were related; and long afterwards M. Roussel wrote them down for his *Château des Tuileries*, to make it one of the most curiously real books on that day that has been penned.

This served as a frame in which to set these pictures of the time, two of which, "A King for a Week" and "An Adjustment of Accounts," were suggested by incidents noted by M. Roussel. There is no foundation for the story of Mirabeau and the little waif Sophie, nor for "Cache-Cache"; but several of the least credible incidents in the last story of the series are related in various memoirs of the time. Thomas Paine is said to have escaped execution by a friendly turnkey shutting-to his cell-door, on the outside of which the death mark was chalked; Madame de Gastines was the child who was rescued by an unknown officer from the tumbrel while on the way to "Les Noyades" at Nantes; and a young man

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in Orange actually slipped from the fatal cart in the same manner as M. d'Arde.

“Le Coureur-de-bois” and “Le Coureur-de-neiges,” which follow, make something of a link between the stories of a historic and romantic past and the familiar present.

Dubosq, the central figure of “Le Coureur-de-bois,” though he does not figure as prominently as La Taupine in the reports of the Intendant, peeps out here and there in contemporary records, especially in the letter of the Franciscan, which is transcribed at length by the Abbé Tanguay in that interesting common-place book, *A Travers les Registres*, which forms so happy a supplement to his exhaustive work on Canadian genealogy.

Dubosq inherited a strain of Indian blood, for his grandfather, Laurent Dubosq, a native of St. Maclou (Rouen), married, in 1662, the daughter of Joachim Arontio, the first Huron chief baptized by Brébeuf; his mother, however, was a Frenchwoman, and the family might in time have reverted to the original type, but in Dubosq the wild blood was upper-

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most and sent him wandering amongst his savage kinsmen.

This curious relapse into savagery, to which the first settlers seem to have been peculiarly liable, forms one of the most interesting phases of early Canadian life. Edits and ordonnances, fine, imprisonment, and even death were powerless against the call of the woods; so winning was it that, at one time, there was hardly a family in Canada which had not amid its members some outlaw under the green-wood tree. This reversion to primitive conditions, with the mysterious legend outlined in Mr. Shandly's "Walker in the Snow," published in the *Atlantic Monthly* a generation since, and the picture exhibited by Mr. Alexander in the Paris Salon ten years ago, forms the motive of "Le Coureur-de-neiges."

The story out of which "The Indiscretion of Grosse Boule" has grown almost attains the dignity of a folk-tale, or at least a "conte populaire," with us. It was brought from France to Canada, where it is preserved with a larger proportion of Gallic salt than is necessary for its presentation in English. In

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France it is known as “Le Petit Chien Bavard,” and has been told time out of mind to the delight of successive generations in slightly varying form. In “Les Contes et Joyeux Devis” of the poet Bonaventure des Periers, who died in 1544, a foundation of the story may be found, and, I am informed, it exists as a fabliau, though not in any collection to which I have access.

The remaining stories deal with a different life and a different people ; for it seems to me that the Canadian—that is, the French-Canadian—forms a race by himself.

He has preserved the language, the faith, and to a large extent the characteristics of an age which has passed away, so that one is at a loss in any attempt at classification, or even comparison, with the Frenchman of to-day.

Parisian and Norman, Picard and Gascon as the first settlers might be, their descendants have fused into a single nationality, just as their distinctive patois have disappeared into a language alike from one end of Canada to the other ; a language which, on account of its long isolation and exposure to the disintegrat-

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ing influences of an alien tongue, has undoubtedly become to some extent weakened and debased by the introduction of foreign words and phrases, but which has at the same time kept alive many valuable forms and expressions elsewhere obsolete, and has either preserved or developed an intonation widely divergent from that now characteristic of the mother-country.

The following seems to me to be at least a partial explanation of the development of the French-Canadian under the English rule, and, in advancing it, I would have it borne in mind that I refer exclusively to the peasantry, and not the educated classes.

When the struggle between France and England ceased in America, in the middle of the last century, all that class which would naturally have kept up an intercourse between Canada and her mother-country returned to France. All the officials, both civil and military, with nearly all the principal families, left her shores, and there remained the clergy, a handful of gentry, some few merchants and professional men, and all the peasantry.

From this last class has sprung the French-

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Canadian of to-day. The peasant class not only preserved its virtues—endurance, sobriety, and thrift—but it has furnished the Church, the professions, and the State with men whose lives and qualities ornament their callings. Most of them have attained success through the high training of obstacle and self-denial, and many retain the simple dignity of their self-respecting ancestors.

When the last refugees sailed for France, in the spring of 1760, all intercourse between the two countries ceased. The Canadian of that day believed his cause had been betrayed by his King, or rather by La Pompadour. He was tired of war with its ceaseless exactions, and accepted the rule of his new masters, who proved generous in their protection.

Such news as drifted over seas was not of a nature to weaken his new allegiance. The tragedies of the Revolution struck a note of horror in a country loyal to Church and King, and Bonaparte was held to be the representative of all that was subversive and evil in the new order.

The Church had frankly acknowledged the new régime after the Treaty of Paris, with a

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loyalty that was never seriously questioned; the gentry naturally accepted the footing of social equality scrupulously tendered them by the earlier governors, and were equally stanch; but it is more difficult to speak with assurance for the habitant.

Instead of speculation, let us look at the facts: We know that in 1775 he was in the field under England's flag against her revolted colonies and their French allies; that during the last years of the century he was deaf to the pipings of the French Revolutionary agents; that in 1812, when every enemy of England was a friend to France, he added the clasp of "Chateâuguay" to the first of his English war-medals; and that if, in 1837, he raised his arm in rebellion against England, the attempt, in so far as he understood it, was for Canada and for the French-Canadian.

He had become an English subject, believing France had betrayed him; in time he had come to believe that England sought to grind him to the dust; but from between the bitter millstones of Doubt and Despair there escaped the tiny stream of his national life, his love for his country, for Canada, "son pays, ses amours."

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There no doubt was a latent sentiment of affection towards France during this long period, but it found no general expression until intercourse was resumed between the two countries nearly a century after the Cession, when the joint triumphs of the French and English arms in the Crimea, the arrival of the French war-ship *La Capricieuse* in the harbour of Quebec in 1855, and the stirring poems of Octave Crémazie on that occasion, evoked a burst of enthusiasm so instant that it seemed more like a new creation than the resuscitation of a dead and forgotten ideal.

Then again, instruction in the country districts was almost at a stand-still during the same period. Thus, in addition to being cut off from the land of his origin, the Canadian learned nothing of her history or of his own.

More than this, he was yearly brought into closer and closer contact with a people speaking a language which at once became the business medium; a people bringing money into the country and applying it to private enterprise to an extent before unknown; who revived old ventures and created new industries — mining, ship-building, the exportation of

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lumber and of grain—and opened up the larger channels of commerce.

This movement and activity awakened the attention and directed the energies of the native Canadian towards the acquisition of the new and practical knowledge, rather than to the preservation of the tradition of a past which no longer touched his life at any point. Thus it was that the memory of the old days and the old connection gradually faded, until all recollection of an heroic past was lost, and whatever slight tradition has survived is curiously distorted through the medium of the common light of to-day.

Not that this is peculiar to the French-Canadian; for a like result obtained amid the descendants of a regiment of Scotch Highlanders disbanded at Murray Bay, in the heart of French Canada, soon after the Cession. They have completely lost their native Gaelic and English, and though the names and sometimes the physical characteristics survive, I have never met one amongst them who could tell aught of his soldier ancestor or of the part he played on fields still world-famous.

Knowing how completely all historic sense

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was lost, I was not surprised to hear a friend repeat a story, told by her French-Canadian servant Philomène, which was the old legend of the monk, who, pondering on the text, “for a thousand years are in Thy sight but as yesterday when it is past,” stopped to listen to the nightingale in the wood, and when he returned to the convent found that an hundred years were gone and his world with them. But Philomène related it as having happened to “M. Bondel, le curé de Ste. Geneviève,” with every circumstantial detail of ordinary life, as if it had occurred in the lifetime of her mother, from whom she inherited the story. This it was which suggested “La Messe de Minuit,” the legend of Longfellow’s “Robert of Sicily,” of Morris’s “Proud King,” and of the “Gesta Romanorum.” I have imagined how such a story might have been handed down from one narrator to another, each knowing nothing of a wider world nor of a time beyond his personal remembrance.

The other stories told by Melchior I have gathered here and there—“La Cabane” from a runaway Norwegian sailor turned trapper on the Restigouche before the advent of the

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railway, “P’ti” Barouette” from a surveyor in a brief visit to civilization and a club, and so on—but their incidents, real or imaginary, are in no case beyond the ordinary experiences of life here, and I believe the manner of their relation would be natural to any one of the half-dozen Melchiors I have known.

Just a word as to the so-called “French-Canadian dialect.” Mr. Rowland E. Robinson, of Ferrisburg, Vermont, published his *Sam Lovel's Camps* in 1889; and, so far as I know, it was the first attempt to present the French-Canadian in an English disguise with some regard to truth. He makes no effort to go beyond the limits of a sketch; but, within these limits, “Antwine” is a perfect specimen of the French-Canadian, as the writer knew him from his countrymen passing backwards and forwards at harvest-time through northern New England. “Antwine’s” drunken version of that highly moral and temperate refrain, “The Old Oaken Bucket,” is one of the most grotesque jumbles ever conceived.

This broken English has only one merit, which is to preserve by its restricted vocabulary something of the direct and simple

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method of the narrator ; on the other hand, the constant temptation to lapse into the grotesque is an ever-present danger to the unwary writer.

No two uneducated French-Canadians ever spoke English in precisely the same manner, with exactly the same accent, intonation, or vocabulary. One has learned his in some shanty where Highland Scotchmen predominate, and he speaks with a softness of utterance which would do no discredit to Kintail itself, while the man who has acquired the language common to the lumber-camps of Michigan has the dialect of the Peninsula ; another has been thrown in with young Englishmen on some Western ranch, speaking their language, unflattened as yet by the Canadian prairie, or whatever that influence may be which here robs our mother-tongue of all distinction, and he speaks with a superior vocabulary and phrase and a decidedly better intonation than he who has picked up his jargon amid the whir and click of the looms and pegging-machines of Manchester or of Salem.

Each man then is a law unto himself ; there is no dialect, and, consequently, no measure of

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correctness to be applied. This speech may be quaint, or charming, or utterly abominable, and yet you cannot say it is untrue; it is something personal, and varies just in the same measure as the individual.

Melchior speaks only as Melchior; his vocabulary may be a poor thing, but 'tis his own, and the one criticism to be applied is, that no matter what may be the occasion, or the difficulty of adequate expression, he must keep strictly within its limits. If within these limits he sometimes contrive to express himself acceptably, imagine how much better he would appear were he chatting before the fire to his own people, in his own tongue.

I cannot imagine any one writing a story in broken English who would not wish that he might set it forth in its native French; not the French of Fasquelle or Ollandorf, nor yet the French of the literary world, but in the tongue used by our peasantry, full of quaint turn and antique flavour, with the aptness of expression of a picturesque and imaginative race.

As the stories of "Mon Compère Melchior" were written at a time when I was in much

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closer touch with the life they portray than I am at present, I venture to present them as they were published in HARPER'S MAGAZINE in 1891-92, with only some slight simplification of the spelling. Whatever value they then possessed is in them still, and a more skilful treatment might only result in a loss of simplicity.

My thanks are due to the publishers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *The Canadian Magazine*, and *Areadia*, for permission to reprint stories which have appeared in these publications.

WILLIAM McLENNAN

MONTREAL, 1899

THE STORY-TELLERS

THE STORY-TELLERS

A DRIZZLING December rain had driven all Paris within doors, but the cafés were filled with a laughing, chattering crowd; and, except in those devoted to extreme political parties, no onlooker would have dreamed that anything more disturbing than a winter's storm swept over the roofs and spires of the fair city in that year of grace, 1792.

The Palais Royal shone and glittered as gayly as to-day; the Louvre stood black and massive; and, beyond it, the long façade of the Tuileries loomed mournful and deserted in the driving mist of rain like a palace of the dead. No light shone from any of its windows; no guard was posted before its closed doors, as if the horrors so lately enacted within its walls had bestowed immunity from further attack.

Could one have entered its closed portals, he

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would have journeyed through hall and corridor appalling in their black emptiness before he caught a gleam of light which shone invitingly through a half-splintered door opening into the billiard-room. Here a dozen or more men in the uniform of the National Guard were gathered. Some were making quiet cheer round a fire in the wide chimney fed from a pile of broken furniture close at hand, others were lazily throwing dice, and two or three more were asleep on mattresses thrown on the billiard-table, now shoved into a corner, where the score of the last games between the unfortunate King and Queen still hung untouched.

Besides these guardians of the national property the only other inmates of the palace were three men in an upper room in the Pavillon de Flore. Two of them were not over twenty-five. The first, evidently an Englishman in every line of his face and movement of his body, was known to his friends at home as an enthusiastic and consistent supporter of national freedom, and to the world at large as Francis Russell, fifth Duke of Bedford. The tall young Frenchman near him was

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Maitre Jacques Michel d'Arde, an advocate of Haute Lorraine, who had been drawn to Paris by his enthusiastic belief in the new doctrines which were to bring France back into that path of greatness from which she had wandered so far.

In his own home he had known and almost worshipped those graces which threw such a glamour over the noblesse, in the person of the young Comtesse de Velesme; he had felt the arrogance and indifference which as strongly characterized it in the bearing of her father, the old Comte, and its injustice in his own position as one outside the favored class; but he was not prepared for the quiet, womanly courage, patient under every galling indignity, which he had found in the Queen. His chivalrous nature caught fire at the few gracious words with which she had acknowledged his forbidden salute, and he had more than once risked his position as a captain of the Fédérés to win some recognition from the woman whom he had once known as "the Austrian."

The other member of the group was a man in middle life, with a keen, masterful face, M.

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Maurice Guilloux, one of the commissioners appointed by Roland to conduct the inventory and valuation of such effects in the palace as had escaped the fury of the mob.

The Duke and M. d'Arde had obtained permission to observe the proceedings, and M. Guilloux had shown them every courtesy during the long investigation. Their intercourse had developed a mutual sympathy during their journey through the desecrated palace, where one room after another echoed with the emptiness of death, and each familiar object of ordinary use suggested the hopeless encounter of warm, breathing humanity with the terror of destruction.

The apartment in which they sat had been that of Madame Elizabeth, the King's sister, and her dainty furniture, her prie-dieu, her paintings, her ivory and silver drawing instruments, her books, and other evidences of her devout and studious life, still lay scattered about in the track of the storm as it had rushed onward.

A heavy silver candelabrum held a few lights, which flickered and flared as the fierce gusts of the December storm forced their way

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through the uncurtained windows to sweep through the hollow rooms, wailing over the desolation of the past and the impending horror of the future.

AS TOLD TO HIS GRACE

MAÎTRE D'ARDE'S STORY
A KING FOR A WEEK

M. GUILLOUX'S STORY
MONSIEUR LE COMTE

MAÎTRE D'ARDE'S STORY
AN ADJUSTMENT OF ACCOUNTS

M. GUILLOUX'S STORY
CACHE-CACHE

HIS GRACE, THE DUKE OF BEDFORD,
AN INTERRUPTED STORY

M. GUILLOUX TO THE DUKE
A LETTER

A KING FOR A WEEK

MAÎTRE D'ARDE'S STORY

A KING FOR A WEEK

MILORD (said M. d'Arde, drawing the shattered sofa on which he sat nearer the table), here is a story I heard from a confrère in the café last night :

In the Franche-Comté, about half-way between Besançon and Vesoul, are three little villages, so close together that none save a native can determine their boundaries. The principal one, with the church facing the little square, is St. Isart, and its inhabitants had heard little and understood still less of the movement whose direction and end we in its centre cannot foresee.

One day, shortly after the arrest of the King at Varennes, a detachment of dragoons rode into St. Isart and formed up in the little square. The inhabitants gathered quickly, and

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after a flourish from the trumpeter, a proclamation was read to the listening rustics, who understood not a word, but gazed in open-mouthed admiration at the handsome horses and gay uniforms of the troop. Then there was another flourish, and the dragoons rode clattering out into the world beyond, of which these people knew nothing.

Something had happened — that was evident. But after long consultation they were no wiser than before, and it was not until a Sunday or two afterwards, when the curé in obedience to certain instructions, read forth an ordonnance concerning the National Guard, that they missed the familiar beginning, “*De par le Roy.*”

Here was the explanation. The King was dead. But then many could remember the death of the former King, Louis le Bien Aimé, and what difference had it made? Ordonnances and regulations had still continued “*De par le Roy.*” They had cried, “*Vive le Roi!*” and danced round the bonfire, and eaten the beef and drunk the wine their old seigneur had given freely to all.

But now — the King was dead, and there

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was no bonfire, no feast, and no new King to take his place.

Yes, here was reason for it all. Did not Féron the blacksmith say so? Could not any one see it with half an eye? And though each new order and proclamation was eagerly listened to as read aloud by Perthius, who could read and write nearly as well as the curé himself, there was no “*De par le Roy*” to reassure them.

What should they do? Long and earnestly they talked, and were wellnigh crushed under the imaginary dangers which they conceived must follow so unnatural a condition.

Then Trégarde, who had served a good lifetime in the army, and had dragged home his shattered body in its tattered uniform to tell his stories and do little services for any who would reward him with a meal, startled them all into a new world of possibilities by crying: “We are free men now! That’s what the dragoons said. Each one in the whole country can do as he likes. There is no King now; every one knows that; but, sacré nom d’une pipe! why not choose one for ourselves?”

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What an idea! Who but Trégarde could have thought of it?

Then followed days of discussion, with repetition of the same words and phrases until they formed themselves into ideas, and the ideas slowly worked into their understanding, and finally into action—and their King was chosen.

Naturally it was Perthius, for a King must read and write; and then his ministers, for they knew all about ministers, were selected to advise with him.

One was Trégarde. True, he was not irreproachable as to his manner of life, but had he not seen the world, and even spoken with Monsieur de Soubise and the Prince de Poix, and knew not fear? And of the two others, they named one “Neckar,” a testimony of popular trust at which any one with a heart cannot even smile.

Then everything went well. Their seigneur had fled, but the new King and his ministers heard all cases, and rendered judgment daily under the great elm in the square of St. Isart.

The curé protested in vain; they absolutely

A KING FOR A WEEK

would not listen to his words of advice and warning. The present order was a relief from the former uncertainty and anxiety, and every one was satisfied with the new régime.

The effect was good on the principal actors. Trégarde had not been inside the tavern since his appointment, so that he no longer sang “*Malgré la bataille*” and other similar ditties when quieter folk were abed. The King and his other ministers fully realized what was due to their position, and carried themselves with the somewhat formal but not unbecoming dignity very often found among the simpler class of our country people.

So things continued for four or five days, and the curé almost regretted his sending to Besançon for a troop to break up the harmless comedy, when, on the evening of the sixth day, the King rose in his place and said: “My friends, you know well how I and my ministers thank you for the honour you have done us. But, my friends, as you know, and all the world can see, we are so busy with your affairs all day that we cannot work. We have wives and children like you, and if we don’t eat we cannot live.”

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No one had realized this responsibility before, but now all willingly accepted it, and before night the royal family and the ministers of state were amply supplied, and hearty assurances were given for the future.

The following day a number of the younger men set off to the neighboring commune, where, without leave or license, they proceeded to fell the timber and carry it off for the royal use, when they were interrupted by the garde, who not only violently opposed their trespass but even ridiculed their pretensions.

This was too much. Should this wretch stand in the way of their public duty? Never! So without further waste of words they bound him hand and foot and carried him off to St. Isart, where he was safely imprisoned in the mill.

A court was held in the open square, and after a solemn statement of the case, King, ministers, and people unanimously decided that the unfortunate garde should be hanged forthwith.

By this it was growing dark, but a huge bonfire was quickly built and started. At the unusual sight the curé had come out on the

A KING FOR A WEEK

steps of the presbytère, where he was met by a messenger of the King, requesting his presence without delay, and as he descended to the meeting, wondering what new folly was afoot, the prisoner was brought up and confronted with the authorities he had set at naught.

The King sat in his usual place under the elm, on an outstretched branch of which a man was seated, busied about something, with a long rope loosely wound about his shoulders.

The garde bore his restraint impatiently, and looked threateningly around as if marking out culprits for future punishment. But the people seemed strangely indifferent. Every eye was directed towards the lower branches of the great elm, until, moved by the common impulse, he glanced upward and caught sight of the sinister figure appearing and disappearing in the light of the leaping fire. Up to that moment he had not the slightest suspicion of the gravity of his position, treating the whole matter as an annoying practical joke. But before his trembling lips could form a word the curé rushed breathless into the square, and

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the crowd fell back until he stood between the King and his victim.

Ignoring all their pretensions, he called on the principal actors by name, showed them clearly the awful crime they were about to commit, urged the certainty of immediate punishment—the troops were on their way from Besançon even now, and might arrive at any moment. Then followed threats of future condemnation, persuasion, and entreaty, until the women were in tears, and the boys edged to the outskirts of the crowd as if to assure escape; but the King and his followers sat absolutely unmoved.

Cruel they were not, but their slow minds could not readily grasp any position other than that which they had so gradually assumed.

Gravely, slowly, in their simple, awful ignorance they explained the man's offence and their judgment. They had not sent for Monsieur le Curé to speak for the man—that part was ended now—but to confess him, if the garde so desired.

Whereupon, seeing there was no hope but to delay until the arrival of the troops, the



"THE KING AND HIS FOLLOWERS SAT ABSOLUTELY UNMOVED."

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curé consented, provided they would allow him to administer the rite without interruption. To this they readily agreed, and with the boys who served him as acolytes he walked slowly towards the sacristy.

As soon as he was out of hearing he gave his instructions to the eldest lad, and before he left the sacristy the boy was leading his father's horse with every precaution out of the village to ride at all speed down the Besançon road and warn the coming troopers that life or death hung on their speedy arrival.

In a few minutes the silvery sound of a bell was heard, and the little procession came in view, the boys in their white vestments with bell and candle, followed by the priest bearing the host upon his breast. The people—King, prisoner, men, women, and children—fell on their knees, and the tinkle of the bell, the sobs of the women, and the crackle of the fire went up to the calm stars above.

The ceremony of confession was full. No sentence of the solemn service for the dying was omitted. The crowd showed no impatience, but, on the other hand, gave no sign of wavering; the unfortunate garde was insensi-

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ble to everything but the words of the curé, who alone betrayed anxiety, and listened in an agony for some sound from the Besançon road.

The last prayer was said, and for a moment the curé bowed his head in a silent, passionate appeal for help, but no answer came from the south. Then, breaking the silence, he attempted to plead again, but as before was firmly refused, and in another moment the helpless victim of arbitrary power had passed from this world into whatever may be beyond, and the kneeling crowd was repeating the Litany for the Dead.

Suddenly there was a faint rumbling, which grew louder and louder until it shaped itself into the heavy thunder of a troop of dragoons, which an instant later swept up the main street of the village. At the entrance to the square there was a sharp cry of "Halte!" The foremost threw up the right hand as a signal to those behind, and the troop was motionless — the men wild-eyed and staring at the evidence of the tragedy before them, the horses snorting and shaking chains and accoutrements after the effort of their fierce race.

The crowd of villagers made no attempt to

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fly, but only huddled together like sheep about their King and ministers under the tree with its ghastly burden.

The curé stepped forward and said a few words to the officer in command, at whose order half the troop dismounted, formed into line, and unslung their carbines.

Another command, and they advanced on the crowd, who now fell back, leaving their King with his ministers alone under the tree.

Not a word was spoken on either side, but at a sharp command Trégarde, with the instinct and old habit of the soldier, drew himself up, saluted, made a half-turn, and led the way, followed by his companions, to the low wall joining the church with the presbytère, where they turned to the troops drawn up in line before them. Trégarde alone realized the situation.

At the word the carbines moved to the ready. The curé sprang forward towards the officer, "Pour l'amour de Dieu, monsieur . . ."; but was waved back.

"Pardon me, monsieur. I accept the responsibility. Present! Fire!"

And simultaneously with the carbines a tri-

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umphant cry of “Vive le Roi!” rang out from Trégarde, and the bodies fell together, and the Revolution swept on.

The young advocate, republican by principle, royalist by sentiment, rose to his feet as he finished his story, and, unmindful of time and place, Trégarde’s cry of “Vive le Roi!” went echoing from the dismantled chamber out through the empty corridors. M. Guilloux sprang from his feet, his face blanched with alarm, while the Duke quickly lifted the candelabrum, and turning it upsidedown extinguished the flaring lights.

They sat there in excited silence for a moment; then heard a door open, and listened to the sound of feet and voices in the main body of the palace until the distant noises ceased, to be followed by the same hollow stillness.

Without a word the three friends arose, and groping their way along corridors, through rooms, and down stairways, where so lately murder and rapine stalked triumphant, found exit through a private door, and with a silent pressure of the hand each went his way into the storm and the night.

MONSIEUR LE COMTE

M. GUILLOUX'S STORY

MONSIEUR LE COMTE

IT will probably never be definitely known what responsibility Mirabeau had touching the riots at Versailles (said M. Guilloux, a few evenings later), but I can at least account for some of his time during those two days and nights. The afternoon before the outbreak he and Dumont dined with M. de Servan in his apartments in Les Petites Écuries. Host and guests were anxious and preoccupied, Mirabeau particularly so, and when he slipped away before dinner was over, muttering some excuse, his absence called forth no comment.

When the evening session of the Assembly opened, the hall was crowded with the members and their friends, and the galleries overflowed with the scum of Paris, who interrupted the proceedings and insulted the speakers with

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the unrestrained flow of their filthy approbation or anger. There M. Dumont looked and waited in vain for Mirabeau, and at last went to his lodgings, where, to his astonishment, he found him in bed, though the hour was still early.

They returned together, and Mirabeau's presence through that stormy sitting undoubtedly added to his popularity.

At half-past two in the morning the Assembly adjourned, and Mirabeau and his friend walked in the direction of their lodgings at the Hôtel Charost. The mob was everywhere; carrying on its drunken and obscene orgies in the Church of St. Louis, filling the avenues and gardens, and prowling restlessly about the palace.

Mirabeau could not rest after the events of the night; a crisis was imminent, and sleep impossible. At daybreak, when the first sounds of the attack on the palace were heard, he took his cloak and sword and made his way towards the scene of disturbance.

As he passed through the garden where the body-guard so narrowly escaped slaughter the day before, he heard a shrill scream of terror,

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and turning into the alley from whence it came, received into his arms a flying child.

With a natural instinct he caught the child to him, and, sword in hand, faced two drunken ruffians who were close behind her. They gave up their prey at once, and slunk away in the darkness before the indignant words hurled at them by this unexpected champion.

The child had ceased her cries the moment she felt the safety of his powerful arm, and now clung sobbing to her protector. She was too frightened to look up or answer any questions. He was puzzled for a moment what to do. But the generous sense of protection was still too strong within him to care to lose the confidence of the little being whose fluttering breath was warm on his face.

It was Romance once more! For Romance he had quarrelled with his family, ruined his prospects, disappointed his friends, and brought misery upon himself; but at its magic call was still as ready to yield up the future as on the day he eloped with Sophie Monnier, and won his three years in Vincennes as a reward.

“Vive Henri Quatre!
Vive ce roi galant!”

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roared the mob across the gray of the morning, in invitation to every lawless vagabond within ear-shot.

Mirabeau laughed as the song reached him, "You must get on with your devil's work without me, my loyal citizens," and, turning his back on the palace, walked slowly to his lodgings, where he handed the half-sleeping child to his valet, Teutsch, who received his orders without astonishment or curiosity. Within half an hour she was quietly sleeping in the Count's own bed, and by eight o'clock Mirabeau was again in his place in the Assembly.

The morning had well advanced when the child awakened and sat up, looking wonderingly at the unfamiliar surroundings. Presently the door opened softly, and a big, good-natured face, surmounted by a mass of yellow hair, peered cautiously in. The child stared gravely at the intruder, but when she caught the welcome beamed from the kindly blue eyes she smiled back her welcome in turn, and confidence was established before the huge body in blue livery followed the yellow head and



"HE CAUGHT THE CHILD TO HIM"

MONSIEUR LE COMTE

blue eyes into the room. How quickly and noiselessly he moved, and in what a funny way he said, “Pon jour, mamzelle ; fous avez bien dormi ?” By the time the little thing thanked him and demanded his name, greeting his answer, “Teutsch, mamzelle, à vot’ service,” with a burst of merry laughter, confidence had become friendship.

“Teutsch,” she said, and laughed again at the old name—“Teutsch, who sleeps here ?”

“M’sieu’ le Comte, mamzelle.”

“Who brought me here last night, when those bad men came ?” and her eyes deepened at the remembrance of her terror.

“Yes, mamzelle.”

Then, assuming the “grand air”: “Well, you must thank him for me, and now I will dress and go home ; but”—and here she became the child once more—“you will come with me ?”

“Pardon, mamzelle ; M’sieu’ le Comte said I was to give you breakfast when you wakened, and take care of you until he came back.”

“Does he know my papa, in the Guard ?”

“M’sieu’ le Comte knows every one, mamzelle.”

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“Good! Now — breakfast. Can I have chocolate?”

“Whatever mamzelle wishes.”

Before he left his lodgings that morning, Mirabeau, with his vanity of doing things in his own way, had said: “Teutch, when the little one awakens, get her what she wants, and keep her safely till I give other orders”; and Teutch, whose only idea of right was strict obedience to his master’s commands, was prepared to follow them to the letter.

Accordingly the child was dressed, and spent a joyous day under the care of the faithful Teutch. Evening came without any message from Mirabeau; so Teutch carefully undressed her, and sat beside her until she fell asleep, prepared to renew his charge on the following day. But morning came and went, and Mirabeau neither returned to his lodgings nor sent any instructions, so that Teutch did not consider himself bound to make any inquiry regarding the child. Indeed, such an attempt would have been useless. Her father was evidently a member of the Garde-du-corps; the court was deserted; some of the Guard had been murdered, and the others had followed

MONSIEUR LE COMTE

in the train of the hapless King and Queen. His instructions were to see the child wanted nothing, and as he was sufficiently provided with money to supply her wants, he did so without consulting any one. It was no business of his to question the child as to her history, or even as to her name ; to him she was simply "Mamzelle," and "Mamzelle" showed no disposition to question the reason for her new surroundings.

Mirabeau was too much occupied with his duties to give even a passing thought to the little one, whom he had never seen since the morning she lay sleeping in his bed, and had gone off to Paris, when the Assembly moved thither, forgetting even her existence.

Teutsch waited on at his post, fulfilling his duties as he conceived them, without questioning. As for the child, she had accepted him from their first meeting as a companion, for he had a child's heart to meet her under his gigantic frame. Then, too, if Teutsch was devoted to Mirabeau, his charge was equally devoted to the Queen, and this common sentiment of loyalty still further bound them together.

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

The removal of the royal family to Paris had greatly disturbed her, and Teutsch's account of their ominous departure did not tend to reassurance.

"Did you see my papa there? He would be near the carriage; quite, quite close."

"No, mamzelle; there were so many. But I saw an officer of the Guard walking with his hand on the carriage."

"Perhaps that was my papa; perhaps it was," she repeated, softly; and then inquired, anxiously, "Will those people hurt the Queen?"

"We hope not, mamzelle."

"Not in Paris?"

"No, mamzelle; M'sieu' le Comte is there!" —a statement made with such confidence that it was sufficient for both.

It was a joyous day for Teutsch and his charge when he received orders to pack up and proceed to Paris to join his master in his lodgings near the Manège.

The preparation was a merry one, and the journey a constant excitement, of which the incidents did not interest the child so much as

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this mysterious “Monsieur le Comte,” whom she was to see somewhere at her journey’s end.

At last the long day was over; and the child, wearied out, was safely asleep in a hastily contrived bed in her new home.

The following afternoon Mirabeau, on entering his lodgings, was surprised into a sudden remembrance of his thoughtless action by a clear, childish voice singing,

“O, Richard ! ô mon roi !
L’univers t’abandonne !”

“Ah! ah! my little royalist,” he laughed ; and opening the door of his study, saw the little waif seated in his own chair, thoughtfully building a house of cards as she slowly sang the forbidden song.

He called to her in that rich soft voice of his, which could be as tender as a woman’s, “Eh, eh, la petite !”

At the words the child slipped to the floor and turned towards him. Instantly her eyes brightened, her face flushed with a glad surprise, and with a joyous intonation she exclaimed, “Ah ! Monsieur le Comte !”

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Nothing in the world could have pleased him so much.

"Yes, chérie! Monsieur le Comte always, let others be what they will!" and he knelt to embrace the child, whose arms for the second time were close about his neck.

He happened to dine alone that day; but his dinner was as long drawn out as if a dozen guests sat round the table. Close beside him was his "little royalist," for whom every charm of his manner and voice was as carefully studied as if she were an enemy to be won over or a friend to be drawn still closer.

"Did you see my papa?" she asked, suddenly. "But of course you did, because he was in the Guard. Teutsch saw him when they left, with his hand on the carriage. I'm sure that was papa! He would stay near the Queen. And that poor Queen! Did they hurt her?"

"No, my child. She is safe."

"I was sure of that. Teutsch said you would take care of her."

"Tentch takes a good deal on himself at times."

"Eh?" she queried, wonderingly, and then

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ran on explaining: "When we knew you were here we were so glad. We knew then nothing would happen."

"So you've converted Teutsch, the impassive Teutsch!" and Mirabeau laughed long and heartily. The child stared at him in surprise, until she caught the infection, and her merry treble mingled with the joyous roll of his laughter.

When Teutsch set the dessert and retired, the "little royalist" climbed to Mirabeau's lap, and sat there lightly caressing that black crown of hair of which he was so proud.

So far, in his selfish enjoyment of the present, he had stirred no chord of the past, but with the child's touch a feeling deeper than mere enjoyment was awakened, and he asked, "And your name, my little one?"

She laughed merrily at an imaginary Teutsch. "How funny! He doesn't know my name!" Then, with a second happy intuition, the child knelt, and taking his great scarred face between her little hands, kissed him on the lips before she answered, "Sophie."

His sudden start and pallor half frightened her. But his arms were about her, and in an

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instant her courage returned as she lay on that bosom, torn by conflicting emotions.

Had it been any other name—but Sophie! All his reckless, stormy youth and passion returned at that once loved name.

No! he would ask no more questions! A Mirabeau was not to be governed as other men. The child had opened up all his past again. She had come into his life without his seeking her, and now he would hold her for the future.

So from that day forward the little Sophie entered fully into her new life. A bonne was engaged for her special service, but it was Teutch who filled up her waking existence in the absence of his master.

It was a strange, unnatural life the child led. Her world was made up of Mirabeau and her two attendants; there might be other people in the house, but she saw nothing of them, and Teutsch kept a jealous eye over her whenever they moved abroad.

Mirabeau was usually so occupied during the day that he seldom saw her then; but at night, no matter at what hour he returned

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from the Assembly, no matter how disturbed or weary he was, as soon as he had changed his dress, Teutch carried the child down to him, and there he would sit with her on his knee, listening to her prattle, silent under the magic of her touch, until the excitement within died down, the irritation was soothed, the weariness had passed. Then, awakening to the enjoyment of the hour, he laughed with her, and talked as only he could talk to woman, old or young.

He was only "Monsieur le Comte" to her; of his other life she knew nothing, and questioned him about the Queen, and Madame Royale, and the little Dauphin, without rebuke or the slightest knowledge of the emotions her simple faith was awakening.

"Is the Queen happy in your big Paris?" she asked one night.

"No, chérie, I'm afraid not," he answered, frankly.

"But she is not afraid?"

"No, my little royalist. I don't think your Queen could ever be afraid."

"Not my Queen alone; *your* Queen, too, monsieur. Say *your* Queen!"

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“Pardon, mademoiselle—a thousand pardons. *My Queen*, certainly!” and he laughed.

“Are the Tuileries like Versailles?” she continued.

“You shall see for yourself, petite. Teutsch shall take you there to-morrow.”

And on the morrow the ardent little royalist was brought by Teutsch into the gardens of the palace, and there, to her great delight, she saw the Queen laughing with Madame Royale, as the little Dauphin fed his ducks in the pond, while the King strolled about, his hands behind his back, without noticing any one.

She returned home fully satisfied and greatly comforted. She had not seen her father, but that was only natural; he had his duties, and as a gentleman of the Guard must not leave the palace.

Mirabeau agreed with her explanation, and as time went on he brought her daily news and stories of her beloved Queen and the royal children, until he grew to share something of the pleasure and enthusiasm of his “little royalist.”

It would be fanciful to suppose that the child in any way influenced his public action. But

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her implicit faith in his nobleness awakened a sense of the degradation into which he had wilfully descended ; the purity of her soul at times recalled him to a recognition of the life he might have lived ; at times he caught a glimpse of the quiet and repose of mind such a life might have won.

When he decidedly took up the royal cause, there was an almost triumphant sense of relief and freedom in his intercourse with the child, as if he had broken down some invisible barrier between them.

“ Did you say something for the Queen to-night ? ”

“ Yes, ma mie, yes, I said something to-night, if never before.”

“ I knew it ! ” she cried, confidently raising her smiling face to kiss him.

Such returns were always triumphs to them both.

In the morning, if he were alone, she would beg to be allowed to tie his hair, and was delighted when his dress was richer than usual.

“ Oh, I hope you will have to speak for her to-day ! ” and she arranged his lace and patted his brooch, and spread out the wide skirts of

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his coat, while Teutch looked on with admiration, and the “King of the People” smiled with pride.

When the old lodgings were abandoned and Mirabeau took up his luxurious apartments in the rue Chaussée d’Antin, the change did not in any way alter the daily life of little Sophie. He never allowed her to appear before the brilliant gatherings at his suppers, and although he was surely killing himself with overwork and reckless living, his strong affection for the child never wavered. She could still calm down the burning passion of his life into something like repose, and she alone could rouse him from the bitter despondency into which he was thrown by his recurring storms of remorse.

He was dying on his feet—“at the stake,” as he described it—and the end came quickly. He was only confined to bed for four or five days, and whenever he could arouse himself from the almost intolerable tortures he endured, turned with all his energy to public affairs. But his “little royalist” was not forgotten even then.

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Each night when the house was still she was carried down to sit for a few moments beside the mighty frame outlined on the white bed, to lay her little face beside his, to lightly touch his waving hair, and to receive once more his caress and the loving farewell, “Dors bien, ma Sophie,” from the heart which so longed for rest.

Early one April morning she awakened to find Teutsch standing beside her cot. Without a word he picked her up and carried her as she was into the room now filled with people whom she had never seen before.

They gave way before Teutsch as he advanced towards the bed with his little white burden ; some one held the curtain over, and there was a sob from the heart of the faithful servant as the lips of the innocent Sophie for the last time touched those of his beloved “M’sieu’ le Comte.”

A N A D J U S T M E N T O F A C -
C O U N T S

MAÎTRE D'ARDE'S STORY

AN ADJUSTMENT OF ACCOUNTS

M. LOUIS ARMAND REGNAULT DE QUATRE-VENTS, Captain of the Royal Guard and Seigneur of Quatre-Vents in Haute-Lorraine, had for many a day rigorously exacted from his censitaires every liard the law allowed or tolerated.

Personally he was brave, and possessed the virtues inherent in his class and calling; but personally his censitaires knew nothing of him, as for the last twenty years he had lived exclusively at Versailles, and, like men of his position, being constantly in need of money, demanded the last sou from his agent, who, assuming new authority with each new demand, worried and harried the people in every conceivable manner, legitimate or otherwise.

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Lawsuits, fines, and confiscations were the order of the day, and so long as the money was forthcoming, M. de Quatre-Vents troubled himself but little as to the means employed.

As for the people, they were stolid and uncomplaining enough; long-ingrained habit had to a certain extent reconciled them to oppression; a natural, hereditary loyalty had thrown about their seigneur and his family a tradition of attachment, and the grinding and yielding process went on until the wave of Change, Awakening, and finally Revolution, swept over the land.

There was desperately high water in Paris before the storm broke in Lorraine. M. de Quatre-Vents would gladly have remained with the wreck of the Court, but after the disbanding of the body-guard, in the beginning of October, 1789, he felt free to devote his services to his family. He succeeded in escorting them in safety across the frontier, and then returned, accompanied only by Mathurin, his life-long servant, to Quatre-Vents, where he arrived at midnight, and reached the manor without being discovered.

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No attack had as yet been made on the house.

Zélie, the solitary servant, was awakened, and came hesitatingly to the door of the basse-cour, where her alarm was changed to tearful joy at the sight of her “young master,” as she still called him, standing, wayworn but smiling, in the light of the candle shaded by her trembling hand.

In the empty stables some scant provision was found for the jaded horses, and the travelling-carriage was rolled safely out of sight.

Then, after a hasty meal, eaten by the light of a single candle, M. de Quatre-Vents wrapped himself up in his cloak on a sofa which Zélie and Mathurin had carried into the warmth of the kitchen. Mathurin made himself comfortable on a wooden settle, while old Zélie sat and watched through the long hours which precede the day.

It was not her affair to speculate on this sudden appearance. She accepted it as she accepted everything else which came from the hand of the master she had seen grow from birth to boyhood—now the careworn man sleeping uneasily under her faithful eye.

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The morning was well advanced before the wearied travellers sat up and stared for a moment at their surroundings and at each other, until they realized their position, when M. de Quatre-Vents laughed lightly at his valet, half servant, half confidant: "Well, Mathurin, we are nowhere greater strangers than at home! Let us see what Zélie has been about."

Zélie had been about many things since she had stolen away from her long, silent watch. Under her care the horses had been fed and watered, and a breakfast now awaited "Monsieur" in a room duly set in order, where, in snowy apron, she stood to see that he wanted nothing. Through the scarcely opened window the fresh clear air of the early autumn found an entrance, inviting the fugitive to throw wide the shutters and let in the day with its living light to wander through the old house, as it had done for over a hundred years past.

Finally, M. de Quatre-Vents turned from the table and said: "Zélie, ma vieille, I leave on a long journey to-night, and, in case of anything happening, there are some things I cannot

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bear to leave behind. Bring a light now, and let us see what is left in the vault below."

Then began a long and wearisome day's work. Rooms were opened which had only been used for an occasional hunting-party since he had left the house after his early marriage. Boxes and bureaux were ransacked. A fire, fed with papers and mementos of an almost forgotten past, was kindled on the empty hearth, which had known no family life since his own boyhood.

When all was finished, it hardly seemed worth while risking liberty and possibly life for these few family relics. Some little plate, a few miniatures, three or four portraits cut from their frames, a bundle of letters, and a few dingy tin cases containing parchments, made a pitifully small treasure lying on an out-spread curtain in the middle of the empty dining-room. But their very lack of appreciable value evidenced a side to the nature of M. Louis Armand Regnault de Quatre-Vents for which few of his acquaintance would have given him credit.

By eight o'clock everything was safely packed and strapped in place on the trav-

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elling-carriage, the horses were in good order, and the night promised well.

M. de Quatre-Vents was again in the little room, at supper, chatting with Zélie, and forming plans for her future. Mathurin sat in the kitchen, dividing his attention between a pair of pistols and his huge travelling-boots absorbing the largest possible quantity of grease before a hot fire.

Suddenly their quiet was broken by a discharge of guns under the windows and a wild yell from a dozen throats, answered by a low cry from Zélie, “ Ah ! les brigands !”

She fell on her knees, crying : “ Come, monsieur—Monsieur Louis, come ! The old hiding-place ! No one knows of it !” and in her misery and terror the poor creature held and kissed his hand as she tried to drag him towards the door.

With a sweep of his napkin M. de Quatre-Vents extinguished the candles, and said, quietly : “ Non, non, ma bonne vieille ! No need of that yet. All will come out well.” He then passed quickly into the adjoining room, and peering through the shutters, saw the house surrounded by armed men, their faces fully lighted up by flaring torches.

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A low whisper told him that Mathurin was close behind, and a moment later they were both well armed for what might follow.

"Mathurin, there is no use hiding. The horses would betray us in any case. We are fairly caught; no doubt through some fault of our own." Then, after a short pause, he went on, rapidly: "Here! let Zélie get all the candles she can find. Put all you can in the great lustre in the drawing-room. Break and tear up anything that will burn quickly; pile it in readiness on the hearth, with some oil and a trifle of powder to start it. Get some wine and a glass, and we'll receive the brutes as if they were our masters—which they are," he added, bitterly, as Mathurin felt his way out of the room.

Mathurin's order was absolutely bewildering to the old woman, but he said, severely: "Never mind why! Show me where the things are, and I'll get all ready. You talk to the canaille, and keep them quiet. We've forgotten how!" he added, including himself with his master in his sweeping truth and insolence.

When the crowd would no longer listen to the old woman's protestations and prayers they

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entered the kitchen, filling it to the utmost, while she, unharmed, beat a masterly retreat into the hall of the main building, securing the door with its heavy bar.

By the time it was beaten down and the crowd surged through they were astonished to find the hall in a glare of light issuing from the open drawing-room. Their first thought was that their prey had escaped, leaving only his blazing nest behind. When they reached the entrance to the room there was a gasp of surprise from the foremost, and as they crowded in a silence fell on all.

There was the great lustre blazing with lights as for some fête of the old days, which they dreamed were gone forever. Before a fire that was beginning to leap up the long-unused chimney was M. de Quatre-Vents, seated behind a small writing-table, with his cloak, hat, and sword thrown across a tall chair beside him, giving orders to Mathurin, who built up the fire under his direction as methodically and unconcernedly as if no one had disturbed their privacy. On the table was wine, flanked by bread, and the ordinary cheese of the country. Before M. de Quatre-Vents were papers and

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letters, and in the open drawer next his hand were two pistols fully cocked, while two others lay beneath the out-spread cloak on the chair beside him.

Many of the intruders had never seen their seigneur before, and they stared open-mouthed at this brown-haired, hard-featured soldier, who seemed utterly indifferent to their presence; older men were silently recalling older days and older faces of the same family, and the silence was unbroken save by the low voice of the master and the movements of the man.

Here some fellow, with a sense of the ridiculous, laughed aloud, at which M. de Quatre-Vents, clapping his hat on his head, sprang to his feet, while Mathurin moved quickly past him, and stood bolt-upright behind the tall chair.

The laugh ceased abruptly. Every man instinctively drew himself together and tightened his hold on his weapon, when, without a word, M. de Quatre-Vents bowed low with a mocking sweep of his hat, replaced it, and sat down, with his right hand just touching the edge of the drawer with the pistols.

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The rush did not come. Then, before the tension relaxed, M. de Quatre-Vents broke the silence: “Well, my friends, to what do I owe the honour of this visit?”

There was not a tremor nor a suggestion of sarcasm in his voice, and except for the fanfaronnade of the bow, all was as natural as if greeting them on some fête-day.

With the softening influence of the memories which had swept over their hearts a moment before, the older men felt but the kindly if masterful manner of older days, and the younger did not know enough to catch the import of his gesture.

“M’sieu’,” spoke out old Colas, “it is a long day since you have sat here in your father’s house—since we have been able to speak with you face to face. Since that day many things have changed, but the change has never brought good to us. No matter what came, we still sweated in summer and froze in winter to meet the demands, always growing larger, which M. Michel made upon us. He swore that your only answer to our prayers was that you needed the money and must have it. Not a good answer to make to hungry men! We stand be-

“Nogent sur Marne”



“WELL, MY FRIENDS, TO WHAT DO I OWE THE HONOUR OF THIS VISIT?”

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fore you in arms to-night, which I, for one, never thought to do; but, m'sieu', before we speak further, let us all know from your own mouth if you ever heard of this—and this—”

Thereupon the old man told story after story of oppression and injustice, until M. de Quatre-Vents's face grew dark with indignation ; but he listened without interruption until the tale of patient endurance and suffering was ended.

When the old man had finished, M. de Quatre-Vents turned, and whispered some orders to Mathurin, who without a moment's hesitation made his way through the crowd, which fell back right and left at his advance without a word.

The men all stood motionless, eying M. de Quatre-Vents, who sat immovable, with his chin on his hand, staring moodily at the table before him. In a few moments Mathurin reappeared, carrying a small case, which he placed in front of his master and unlocked.

Then M. de Quatre-Vents removed his hat, closed the little drawer on his right, and said: “My friends, greater wrongs have been done you than I knew of—greater wrongs, unfortunately, than I can right. I am a much poor-

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er man than any of you to-day, for I am leaving my country and my home without any knowledge—with hardly a hope—of the day when I may return. When you entered here I never thought to pass through the door alive; but now I know my life would be a sorry repayment for the wrongs you have sustained. Colas, I appoint you to distribute the gold in this case among my people as far as it will go, and if my fathers before me have worked some good towards yours in the past, that must suffice to make up the balance. I am persuaded that I leave Zélie safe in your hands, and perhaps, for the sake of a woman's faithfulness, you will spare this old house while she lives."

There was a hurried consultation among the leaders as M. de Quatre-Vents arose, and Mathurin handed him his hat, fastened on his sword, and arranged his cloak over his shoulders.

Then old Colas again spoke up: "Non, non, m'sieu', we will not do this! The things which touch us most cannot be paid off by money; but they are gone now, wiped away by the words you have spoken. As for the rest, each

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one can tell just how much he has been forced to pay unjustly. We have not talked these matters over on winter nights to have any need now for a notary to draw up our accounts. Pay each as he can show cause!"

M. de Quatre-Vents, with somewhat of his old manner, laughed as one laughs at a child ; but throwing back his cloak and drinking off his glass, he said, "Come then, begin!"

The task seemed unending. Most of the demands were trifling, but each claimant insisted on going into every detail, no matter how distant, and on showing the justness of his claim down to the last livre, until M. de Quatre-Vents began to yawn with very weariness, and to regret the piquancy had died out of the adventure. Hour after hour dragged away, M. de Quatre-Vents bravely trying to keep up some appearance of interest, when his attention was aroused by a hot dispute between Colas and two claimants.

"No, no! I tell you I will not allow it! The business was settled in open court, and you have no right to rob m'sieu'!"

The others as hotly insisted. But M. de Quatre-Vents cut the argument short with,

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“What’s the amount?” and, in spite of the protestations of Colas, paid over the money, to the evident satisfaction of the majority—and at last the claimants were exhausted.

Thereupon Mathurin set forth in search of Zélie, and a dozen bottles of wine were brought up and distributed among the leaders.

As they hesitated a moment, and then slowly withdrew, old Colas turned and said in a low voice trembling with emotion: “Adieu, m’sieu’! We will ever carry in our hearts what you have done to-night. It will never be forgotten by us or by our children. May the blessing of God be with you wherever you may go! He alone can hold you safe in these evil days, which are only beginning.”

Tired and overtaxed with the long strain, M. de Quatre-Vents, as he laid his hand on the old man’s shoulder, said, with a weary and hopeless laugh: “Evil days indeed, Colas; but I will trust more to my Fate than to your God! Adieu, adieu!” and he raised his glass to his lips, and then shattered it in pieces on the hearthstone at his feet.

Colas crossed himself at the ominous sound, and hastened after the others, who trooped

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down the great avenue towards the village in silent, decorous order.

As soon as the house was cleared, M. de Quatre-Vents said, shortly: "Now, Mathurin, don't lose an instant! Our friends there may change their minds at any moment. We'll take the upper road, and don't spare the whip, once we are out of hearing."

Old Zélie followed her "young master" out into the court as the horses were put in, and her prayers followed him after he had drawn to the door of the carriage, which was soon lost in the shadows of the trees.

M. de Quatre-Vents sat in the darkness, wearied in body and sick at heart. He did not for a moment hide from himself that his late action was merely the result of an impulse which had died away as quickly as it had arisen. His patience and restraint were necessities to the rôle he had assumed, and he despised his acting, in comparison with the generous and manly acceptance of his sacrifice by his censitaires.

Mathurin was now moving at a good pace, when suddenly there was a hoarse shout in

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front, and the horses leaped forward under a fierce cut of the whip.

M. de Quatre-Vents sprang to his feet—saw a fire burning by the road, and some figures making for the horses' heads ; he took in the situation at a glance, and shouted : “Stop, Mathurin ! Stop ! They have forgotten to send word to these fellows. I will explain !”

But the words had not passed his lips before there was a flash, a deafening report, and the terrified horses flew on wildly into the night, while in the bottom of the carriage lay all that was mortal of M. Louis Armand Regnault, Seigneur de Quatre-Vents.

His Fate had betrayed him !

C A C H E - C A C H E

M. GUILLOUX'S STORY

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DURING the early summer, in 1786, M. Maurice Lenormant brought his bride home to his handsome hôtel in the rue Dauphine, near the corner of the rue de Bussy.

It was purely a love-match on both sides. In position and fortune they were nearly equal; their families had held high rank in Normandy for generations; they both were young, and were united by common sympathies and aims.

But before another summer opened he bore her forth from the home in which they had so fondly planned their future; that had vanished now and forever, leaving only her memory and her babe, Aline.

To the child M. Lenormant turned in his

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desolation with a tenderness and care which were unfailing; and as she grew older, every hour he could spare from his public duties was devoted to her.

She grew up a singularly attractive little thing, inheriting much of the sturdy Norman blood, for she was strong-limbed and dark-haired, full of high spirits, and absolutely fearless.

When '89 brought the first outward sign of the New Era, Lenormant threw himself heart and soul into the cause of liberty, and his self-imposed duties increased as every month brought its unforeseen difficulties and complications. Heavy as his actual duties were, they were rendered heavier by the constant thought of the lonely child in the empty house in the rue Dauphine. Yet he could not bear to send her away among comparative strangers, for the rare hours he could spend with her were his only rest and solace from his arduous labors. As for the child, she quickly accustomed herself to the gradual change, and, childlike, found a new object round which her affection and life could centre. This was the *suisse*, as all porters in private houses were then called,

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a great strapping fellow from the family estate in Normandy, rejoicing in the name of Bazile and in his manly proportions set forth in the glory of a red and gold livery. Bazile was entirely devoted to the child, and Lenormant had even more confidence in him than in Lizette, the bonne, so, as Aline was contented, he was free to pursue his work without anxiety for the care of his little one.

Lizette was kind, and her patience untiring, but then her stories of “la poulette grise” were not like those of Bazile. Hour after hour the dark-haired, bright-faced child sat in the lodge of “her suisse,” listening to his wonderful stories, or learning his long complaintes of dead-and-gone kings and princesses and captains and fairies of far-off Normandy.

People passing or calling at the house were struck by the queer companionship. Many were amused, others were scandalised, among them Madame d’Averolles, who lived opposite; she went so far as to rebuke M. Lenormant for the folly of allowing the child to mix with such “manants.”

“Madame,” he answered, “it was such ‘manants’ whom our ancestors protected, and by

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whose help we won such honours as we yet hold."

So Aline was allowed to revel in her fairy-land of kings and queens within the lodge of "her suisse," while in the world outside the stern reality was working towards its end unknown to child or servant.

But Aline's happiest days were when Bazile walked behind her and Lizette on their way to mass at Les Augustins. Then she was la grande dame de par le monde, and never for a moment did she forget the dignity of her rôle. Not the slightest trace of familiarity towards Bazile, who, on his part, was equally particular that his young mistress should as properly play her part in her natural sphere.

Thus the months went on, and though the child saw but little of her father, she was happy in her own way in her own world. Her world became yet more restricted in the spring of '92, as M. Lenormant was forced to forbid any expeditions into the streets, for even into their quiet quarter disturbances were carried by crowds, who appeared without warning and vanished as suddenly, like an ugly dream. The restriction hardly distressed Aline, for she did not

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care for her walk now that Bazile was only dressed in sober black; red cloth and gold lace and powder had all been blown away a good year ago by the rising storm; the streets had lost all the colour and life to which she was accustomed, and she had lost her interest when the old gayety disappeared.

Besides this, she had compensations. Bazile's usual duties as porter had dwindled down to an occasional opening and closing of the doors, for people rarely called at the house in daytime now, so Aline had him for herself. Many a day he and Lizette would play for hours with her in her now unused drawing-room.

They had many games, but the favorite for all three was cache-cache (hide-and-seek), and they played in this wise: Bazile left the room, with strict injunctions to remain at the very end of the hall until he heard Aline's signal; Aline directed Lizette to stand behind a screen or curtain—she took too keen an interest in the game to hide herself—and then her call to Bazile rang out. The child stood before the concealing curtain or screen, her eyes flashing with merriment, and hardly able to refrain from shouts of delight as Bazile made fruit-

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less search behind chairs and sofas, moved the heavy vases beside the fireplace, pretended to look behind the mirrors, but never found the hidden Lizette until warned by the impatient movements of Aline that the game had gone far enough. Lizette was thereupon duly discovered, and their burst of merriment crowned the climax of the excitement.

Could any one tire of such a pleasure? Certainly these two devoted souls showed no signs of flagging, nor ever failed to answer the demand of the fun-loving child. Cache-cache was "her game," as Bazile was "her suisse."

Then there were sights to be seen from the windows. So many people passed. Very few carriages, to be sure; but there were soldiers, the like of whom Aline had never seen, whose fantastic uniforms were unknown to Bazile. Sometimes, too, there were terrible wild-looking men and women hurrying along, singing and shouting, at whom Aline stared curiously, but before whose approach Bazile carefully shut and barred the large doors.

It was now the middle of the summer, and no one but Bazile ever ventured into the

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streets. M. Lenormant had given strict orders that the large doors were to be kept fastened at all hours, and no one was to enter unless known to the suisse.

One hot midnight in August a distant bell was heard tolling, tolling, until answered by the clang and boom of other bells and the rolling of drums from all quarters of the city. Through the early morning, crowds trooped out from their holes and hiding-places, and went sweeping through streets, tramping over bridges, until they centred at the Tuileries.

Before the morning was over, there came from the other side of the river the heavy roar of cannon, the sharp rattle of musketry, and a never-ending howling as of wild beasts.

Poor Lizette, agonized with terror, could do nothing but tell her beads. Bazile, with an anxious face, went about the house endeavouring to make some attempt at work, but the other servants never descended from their quarters in the attics.

Aline alone was undisturbed, but greatly bored, and inclined to be fretful.

Why could not Lizette leave off her stupid

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prayers? Why could not Bazile sing “C’était Anne de Bretagne” with her as before?

Her father had forbidden her to go near the windows unless with Bazile, who to-day would not even open those giving on the street, and on the garden-side there was nothing to see.

So the child passed the long day, her first happy moment being when Bazile carried her down into the empty kitchen, where for an hour she again enjoyed life, as she watched him make the fire, warm up her bouillon, and prepare her dinner. She then made him feed her bit by bit until she was satisfied; which little necessity of ordinary work went far to restore the realities of life to the anxious suisse.

After he had eaten a little at the imperious command of the child, he carried her up-stairs again, and made an attempt to rouse Lizette to some effort of her duty. Straggling bands began to pass through the quarter again, and leaving Aline in charge of the bonne, he climbed to the highest windows at the back of the house, and his heart sank within him at the sight of flames bursting upward in the direction of the Tuileries, and the constant,

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uninterrupted howl from the scattering mob. He stood there fascinated by the sight of the burning buildings, and the horrible readiness with which he pictured the scenes passing round the leaping flames, until aroused by cries in the street below. Running to the front of the house, he looked down on a drunken, shrieking rabble passing in wild and bestial triumph with the sickening trophies of their murderous success whirled and brandished on swaying pike-heads.

It froze the very life in his veins as he looked; but the mob was at least returning, to slink back into its dens once more, and he trusted the worst was over for this time. So down-stairs he came, with a greater sense of security than he had yet felt, to entertain Aline and reassure Lizette.

At Aline's request he carried her down into the drawing-room, and, after carefully closing the shutters and drawing over the heavy curtains, lighted up all the candles in the lustres.

The great room, with its yellow hangings, its brilliant mirrors and graceful furniture, shone in the golden light, and the child was

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delighted at the cheerful brightness after her dreary day.

Then, would not Bazile put on his livery? He was not like “her suisso” at all in this nasty black, and all would be like the old days once more.

After all, Revolution or no Revolution, was he not M. Lenormant’s suisso? Was not his only duty now to please the child? So in a short time he reappeared in all the forbidden glory of his long-disused red and yellow livery, with his brown hair as carefully powdered as of old.

Aline was delighted; she clapped her hands and danced round him as he beamed upon her from his imposing height.

At last she quieted down, and for over an hour Bazile held her enraptured by his never-failing stories, and then her clear voice followed his through the complicated roulades and embellishments of their favourite songs.

All this time the noises in the street went on; but they had become almost indifferent to the street and its people. The mob, with its brutality, was shut out by the heavy walls and closed windows, and they lived in a world of

CACHE-CACHE

candle-light and repose, far apart from other people, with whom they had nothing in common, and who went on their own way without.

Bazile and Aline were just in the middle of “Le grand Duc de Maine, brignedondaine,” and were dimly aware that the tumult in the street had grown fiercer, when the song was frozen on their lips by the awful scream of a man in his death-agony, high above the fiendish yelling of the mob.

Catching up the child, Bazile ran with her to Lizette’s room, where he left her in charge of the fear-stricken girl, and, promising to return in a moment, flew to the entrance-doors.

Peering cautiously through the judas, he saw the broad street filled with the same awful creatures in a mad riot of murder and ferocity. Their constant howl was: “Les suisses ! les suisses ! à bas les suisses !”

As he looked, there was an attack made on the hôtel of Madame d’Averolles ; but before the tragedy was complete, a woman’s voice rose high and shrill over all, “En v’là un autre !” At her direction part of the mob turned with a savage howl towards M. Lenormant’s—and Bazile knew his hour was come.

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The heavy doors would hold them back a few moments. As he quickly glanced over the fastenings to see all was secure, and then flew up the stairs, he knew instinctively how the mob must have attacked the Swiss Guard at the Tuileries, and now, in its devilish ignorance and cruelty, it was hunting to death the unfortunate porters, or suisses, in private houses.

Whether the doors held or not, he must see that Aline was safe with Lizette. He did not believe for a moment that either of them would be harmed, for the mob as yet had not touched women or children.

When he opened Lizette's door he found the girl on the floor by the bed, speechless with terror, but no sign of Aline.

Leaving the bonne, he ran through the house calling for the child, but his call brought no reply. He was lessening his chances of escape terribly by such delay, for the storm of blows rained fiercely on the doors below.

Sick with anxiety for the child, he ran from room to room, until he again reached the lighted salon, and there, undisturbed, sat Aline, greeting him with laughter at his discomfiture.

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With a cry of relief he sprang forward and caught her in his arms ; but as he turned to run through the hall to reach Lizette's room, he heard the doors go down amid a triumphant yell—and he was too late !

With a single bound he was back again. He shut the door quietly, and striding across the room, placed the child on the floor by one of the windows.

Escape seemed impossible, but with a courage never surpassed by human creature, he knelt beside Aline, and said, quickly : “ Écoute, ma belle. We are going to play ‘our game.’ Only, wild men are coming to find me ; but you must not be frightened. It is the same game. You will just stand in front, and say nothing. Now !”

There was a wild rush up the staircase, and a moment later, when the mob burst from the darkness of the hall into the peace of the lighted room, they saw only a round-eyed child of five in a white dress standing in front of one of the yellow brocade curtains in the recess of the window.

She was startled, but stared undaunted at the dreadful creatures who poured through

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the opened doors. But they knew the game, and that was something. So she shook her black curls and recovered her composure as she saw them begin to search in earnest, and almost laughed aloud when one of them thrust his sword up the chimney.

It did not take long to examine the room, with its fragile furniture. She wondered why they did not pretend to look in more places, like Bazile; they never moved the vases or looked behind the mirrors at all.

As they passed by her, some one cried out, "The window!" and with a slash of his sabre a ruffian ripped down the curtain beside Aline, and the crowd laughed as another held out the butt of his pike to the fearless child, who mockingly clapped her hands at him.

This was something like the game!

That was very near!

But suddenly Aline's face fell and her lip began to tremble with disappointment, for the rabble had turned, and were making their way out of the room as quickly as they had entered.

This was not her game at all!

They mustn't go away and the game not

CACHE-CACHE

half finished! No, no! That is not the way at all! And in her childish fearlessness she ran after the retreating russians, and, catching at the filthy rags of the hindermost, called out, "Ah, lost! lost!"

"What?" he thundered.

She hardly understood the uncouth, fierce cry, and was terrified at the evil face turned upon her, but it was "her game," and she bravely went on, "You couldn't find him!"

At his first hoarse shout the rabble had turned, and stood expectant.

"Find whom?"

"My suisse! My Bazile!"

The mob surged back into the room with a low growl, but the fairy-like form of Aline went flying before them, and with a ringing laugh of delight she swung aside the heavy curtain; and there, unshrinking, in all the hated insignia of his office, "her Bazile, her suisse," stood face to face with the ravening mob.

A N I N T E R R U P T E D S T O R Y

HIS GRACE, THE DUKE OF BEDFORD

A N I N T E R R U P T E D S T O R Y

ONE evening in his room the Duke turned to his friends and asked: "Perhaps, gentlemen, you may never have heard how my late father insisted on telling a story to the Due de Choiseul?"

"We are listening," smiled M. Guilloux, while M. d'Arde nodded eagerly.

"I have no distinct remembrance of my father," began the young Duke, "for he died when I was still a child, but I know he added to his ability a somewhat quick and imperious temper. In '62 he was accredited to your court to conclude the terms of the treaty upon which the fate of Canada was to be decided.

"The Duke de Choiseul, although then Minister of War and Marine, was the actual power,

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and all the terms were quickly agreed upon, save certain points which touched the protection of the fishing rights of your nation.

“Neither would listen to any compromise; my father declared that the point must be yielded in his favour, as his instructions were positive. ‘Very well,’ answered M. de Choiseul, hotly; ‘then War! You are at liberty to withdraw whenever it may suit your convenience.’

“My father, highly indignant, was about to reply as hotly, but suddenly controlled himself, and, dropping into his natural tone, said: ‘But, mon cher due, you must listen while I tell a little story.’

“M. de Choiseul replied, very dryly, that he might spare himself the trouble, but my father went on, unheeding: ‘It was only the other day, when walking through the grounds of M. Bouret, that I—’”

At this point the young Duke was interrupted by a heavy trampling of feet in the outer passage, followed by a sharp rat-tat-tat of a cane on the panel of the door of the antechamber and a quick turn of the handle. The door was locked, and an impatient voice was

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heard : “ Open, open, citizens, in the Name of the Nation ! ”

The servant appeared with a blanched face at the inner door.

“ What shall I do, milord ? ”

“ Open, open, citizen, in the Name of the Nation ! ” laughingly answered the Duke.

The three friends waited a moment in silence ; they heard the door unlocked and pushed violently open, a few impatient demands from the intruders, and when the inner door was held back again it was to admit three men—the leader arrayed in all the dignity of cockade and scarf.

“ Le citoyen anglais, styling himself Bedford ? ” he queried, with curt incivility.

The young Duke turned towards the speaker and said, smiling, “ I am Francis Russell, whom most men call the *Duke of Bedford*. ”

“ H-m-m, brown hair, high complexion, large nose ; h-m-m, yes, yes, that answers the description. Well, Citoyen François, or Russell, or whatever you may choose to style yourself, we are not too sure of your motives ; and in its paternal solicitude for inquisitive strangers, as well as its own children, the Nation has de-

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creed that all foreigners must leave France within twenty-four hours after receiving notice, which I now hand you."

D'Arde, who was boiling with indignation throughout this diatribe, stepped forward. "Come, come, my fine fellow, the Nation gives you no right to insult peaceable citizens, and if you don't keep a civil tongue in your head I'll throw you down-stairs."

"Not so loud, my big country game-cock! You were wearing a uniform a few months ago, and where is it now? Have a care how you crow, for I have my eye upon you, and you may find yourself in water hot enough to draggle your feathers before you know what has happened."

D'Arde was about to put his threat into execution, when M. Guilloux's hand dropped heavily on his shoulder. "Have a care, have a care, my friend; you may only compromise the Duke."

The whispered warning was sufficient, and D'Arde controlled himself, while the Duke, who had glanced over the paper, turned to the official, and said, quietly : "Your instructions are exact, Citoyen—"

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“Loches,” answered the man, somewhat mollified.

“—Citoyen Loches, and I have ever been too honest an upholder of public order to resist such a demand for a moment. Let me have my passport in the morning, and I will trouble the Nation no longer with my insignificant presence,” and with perfect coolness he bowed the commissioner and his following out through the antechamber, and closed the door behind them clattering heels.

“The whole affair appears to me to be false on its very face. There never has been any such order passed, milord,” said M. Guilloux. “This man is certainly not a regular official, bad as they are. Why not apply to Danton? I am sure this is the work of some private enemy.”

But his Grace only laughed. “It has spoiled my story, at all events, and things have now come to such a pass here that I can do no good by remaining.”

The friends consulted long and earnestly, and separated at midnight with hearts full of foreboding. The following day the Duke left Paris, never to enter her walls again.

M. GUILLOUX TO THE DUKE

M. GUILLOUX TO THE DUKE

*A Monseigneur,
Monseigneur le Duc de Bedford,
à son Château de Woborn,
Comté de Bedford,
En Angleterre.*

PARIS, *Thermidor, l'an 11.*

MY LORD,—I have an opportunity to send this by a safe hand, and hasten to apprise you of the fate of our friend M. d'Arde, with whom we passed so many pleasant hours a long year and a half ago.

It did not require any great insight into the future to foresee the path into which he was drifting, and you already know how the death of the unfortunate King drove him completely from the ranks of the extreme party.

He was aware that he was closely watched ; but to leave France was impossible, and to

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return home was even more dangerous than to remain here.

On the morning of the 16th of October last he dressed quietly, and took up his position, with others, in the Place de la Révolution, to look for the last time on the face of Marie Antoinette, whose heroic courage had first opened his eyes to the other side of the struggle.

At noon, when she reached the scaffold, there was more or less disturbance at various points in the crowd, probably excited by creatures expressly employed for this purpose.

Our friend was standing quietly, his eyes fixed on the unfortunate princess, whom he had learned to reverence as his Queen during the weary months of her sufferings, when he was startled by a harsh voice beside him :

“ Where is your cockade, citizen ? ”

He turned, and saw close behind him the ominous face of Loches, whom you will remember as the soi-disant official on the night of your departure, now one of the public accusers. Without a word, d’Arde fixed his eyes again on the scaffold, only to be tapped ins-

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lently on the shoulder and to hear the ruffian's brutal voice raised in the same question : “Where is your cockade, citizen?”

Recognizing his intention, d'Arde sensibly suppressed his anger, and remonstrated, “Mais, mais, monsieur—”

“No more *monsieur* than yourself, mon aristo!” interrupted the spy; “all honest men are citizens together now! Have you ever cried ‘Vive la République,’ mon p’tit avoué?” he continued, bound to pick a quarrel.

“I have, citizen,” answered d'Arde, with admirable coolness.

“Then shout it now, coquin!” screamed the brute, as the axe fell.

With a cry of disgust d'Arde turned and struck his tormentor full in the face.

There was a scream, a struggle, and before our friend fully realized what had happened, he was half-way across Paris, on his way to the Conciergerie.

For more than two weeks I could hear no word of him, and feared he had perished. My first move was to enter his rooms, burn every paper which could possibly compromise

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him, and secure his valuables. Then I set to work, and at last succeeded in finding that he was confined in one of the dungeons with some of the worst criminals. There was no specific charge against him. Loches had disappeared, so I had him removed to the main corridor, where he had a cell to himself, the liberty of the large hall, and even got so far as to visit him once, when I handed him a sum of money to secure him what comforts were possible.

He had found friends there—the old Comte de Velesme and his daughter, the principal family of his native town. The old Comte was a completely broken man. He barely tolerated our friend, whose unvarying kindness and unceasing self-denial were accepted by the Comte as a natural offering due to one of his exalted position. With the petulance of a child, the old gentleman blamed him personally for the crimes of the whole Revolution, including his individual misfortunes. But our young friend bore with it all ; and why, my lord ?

The question would not be difficult to answer did you know Mademoiselle Arline.

M. GUILLOUX TO THE DUKE

Whatever burden of ingratitude the old Comte endeavored to lay upon M. d'Arde was borne equally by his bright-eyed friend, separated from him by the great iron grating. Prison flowers grow apace, my lord, and if ever the flower of love took deep root, it was in the hearts of these two young people.

The winter dragged out its long tragedy of death and despair; the old Comte grumbled and growled disconsolate, inconsolable, and before spring came died in the faithful arms of the man he had dared to despise in his selfish arrogance.

The awful prison was ever filling, ever emptying, but these two lived on uncalled-for, unnoticed; it seemed as if even Death had forgotten them.

At the risk of instant execution if discovered, they joined hands through the bars, and amid the tears and laughter, the coming and going of that ever unquiet centre, were made man and wife by a priest, who ventured his life to add a gleam of happiness to two passing souls.

The summer came, and the prison was even

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more intolerable than in the winter; few of their original fellow-prisoners remained; but the Conciergerie was none the less full. The rule of Robespierre and his creatures was at its height; the former pretence of trial had now dwindled down to a hurried examination, the summons to which was given by the jailer during the previous evening, at an hour whose uncertainty added to its terror, and in the early morning a chalk-mark on the door of the cells told who were to be taken.

One evening in July the unfortunates sat in their usual expectancy, awaiting the coming of the jailer with his fatal list.

D'Arde stood at the grating beside Arline when the door opened to admit the jailer and his clerk, accompanied by an unknown man, evidently of some authority. They advanced into the middle of the room, under the light of the lantern hung from the vaulted ceiling, and the jailer began to read aloud what he playfully called "les extraits mortuaires."

Name after name was called, and was received in silence: "Jean Coulet, gendarme, twenty-four years; Pierre François Daulhac, ex-abbé, thirty years; Arline Tourigny, here-

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tofore Comtesse de Velesme, aristocrat, twenty years."

"Oh, my God! my God!" moaned Arline in her sudden terror as she fell half fainting against the grille. The three men looked up at her faint cry.

"She thought we had forgotten her, la sainte Nitouche!" laughed the jailer.

The official looked sharply at d'Arde for a moment. "Who is that tall fellow beside her?" he whispered.

The clerk turned over his list and read: "D'Arde, Jacques-Michel, Haute Lorraine. Here since October. Was a fédéré on service at the Tuileries. No special charge."

D'Arde looked anxiously towards the group. The face of the new official seemed strangely familiar, but before he had time to recall it, his own name was read out—"Jacques-Michel d'Arde, advocate, twenty-six years!" and he turned to whisper joyfully to the fainting girl: "Courage! courage, ma mie! We are together!"

At an early hour in the morning d'Arde was up and dressed, impatient for the opening of

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his cell. When the door was at length swung back he called the turnkey, and placing his few remaining gold pieces in his hand, begged for a last favour—that Arline should be placed in the same cart with him. The man, a Swiss, named Straale, who had all along shown him much kindness, consented readily, and d'Arde awaited patiently for his call.

The short hours passed; he heard voices and the sound of footsteps through the prison; the noises outside increased, and he knew what was passing in the court below.

The door of his cell was slammed to, suddenly. He stared at it for a moment in surprise, then instantly sprang forward and began to beat upon it with all his strength, crying after the retreating turnkey. The man returned, unlocked the door, swung it open again, and left on his round without a word, while d'Arde stood trembling within the narrow limits of his cell. The death-mark had been chalked upon his opened door that morning, and Straale, moved by sudden impulse, had shut to the door, thus forcing life in upon his prisoner, who only longed for death with her his soul desired.

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Presently the head jailer began his round ; he stopped at cell after cell to deliver his brief summons to the condemned, until “Jacques-Michel d’Arde!” came like an order of release to the waiting prisoner.

He joined a little group, and with them passed through the familiar corridor, with one last glance at the great hall, in which he had found a joy passing all his suffering, then through doors and passages, until they joined the main body of the victims in the outer hall.

He glanced quickly about, without catching sign of Arline, but he instantly determined that she must have gone on before.

Each prisoner’s hands were securely bound, and then one by one, as their names were called, they entered an adjoining room, and went through the pitiable mockery of a trial. There was practically no charge against d’Arde; but he refused to reply to the questions put by his judges, for in the man sitting beside the chief official he recognized the triumphant face of Loches the informer. He heard his fate without emotion, and was led away to join the condemned.

“All here!” rang out a stentorian voice.

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The great doors were slowly opened ; a file of soldiers passed out and formed up. There was a refreshing rush of cool morning air, but d'Arde hardly felt it ; there was a hoarse murmur from the waiting crowd, but he was not conscious of it ; all his senses were concentrated towards one object. The moment he stepped on the threshold he raised himself to his full height—and saw the three waiting carts were empty. He was to die alone !

For the first time since his imprisonment he broke down ; and, Englishman though you are, my lord, I know you will count it no shame that the tears sprang to those eyes which no fear had ever dimmed. He stood there, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, thinking only of the terrible misery of the poor creature he had left behind ; thinking of how short this weary journey would have been had she stood beside him.

How slowly, slowly, the dismal little procession moved forward ! Gradually he recognized things about him, and saw they were entering the Rue St. Antoine ; he became aware that there was unusual disturbance on

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the quays ; there were stoppages in their slow progress ; twice had the carts been arrested, and the uproar and crowding in the narrow street forced the soldiers to use their muskets, to the intense anger and irritation of the pressing crowd, whose attacks were directed rather against them than against their prisoners.

He roused himself, and saw in front of him, in the same cart, a mother with her three daughters, the eldest not more than twelve. A man in a long military cloak pressed close to the cart, and d'Arde heard him say, distinctly, "I can save one, madame."

"'Toinette, maman ; save 'Toinette !'" whispered the other two ; and when the man was forced away from the wheels the little one was safe under the folds of his cloak.

D'Arde realized that a dozen eyes must have seen the rescue, but no alarm was given, and the deliverer disappeared without difficulty in the pressing crowd.

Then for the first time awoke a fierce desire for life and liberty. Why should he die like a dog, and never raise his hand to help Arline ?

He sat down at the back of the cart unnoticed, and at the next disturbance, which

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was fiercer than ever about the foremost carts, he slipped off, and in a moment had reached the side of the street, and was moving along in the same direction as the crowd, with his bound hands against the wall.

No hand was raised against him ; every eye was directed towards the soldiery and their charge. Scarcely daring to credit his good fortune, he found himself at the corner of the Rue Tison, and moving quickly up it, always with his back against the wall, gained the Rue du Roi de Sicile, which, to his joy, was entirely deserted.

He stopped at the angle of a house, and set to work to cut away his bonds against the sharp stone. But as he sawed at the tough cords he heard footsteps, and a moment later saw a man rounding the corner and rapidly approach, with his face muffled in his cloak.

D'Arde's position was too compromising to admit of any attempt at concealment; he would risk his fate and boldly ask for assistance. "Citizen—" he began, before the passer-by perceived him.

The man looked up. It was Loches.

With a shout of hatred the informer leaped

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at his throat, but with a cry of equal fierceness d'Arde sprang to meet him, and with his shoulder struck him full under the chin. The man fell without a cry, and lay insensible on the stones. The effort had broken d'Arde's bonds, but, without a look at his enemy, he picked up his hat and hurried on, with an exultant feeling of renewed strength and resolve.

Hastily undoing the remnants of cord, he thrust them into his pockets, and kept on his way through the quiet streets, careless of where he wandered, so long as he left the noise of the mob behind. But want of food and the excitement of the past hours began to tell upon him, and, to his alarm, he found himself staggering from weakness.

At a corner he saw a small fountain. Hurrying towards it, he drank eagerly, and then, removing his hat and coat, bathed his face and swollen wrists.

While so employed he heard steps, and turned expectant of fresh peril, but the newcomer proved to be a young girl of seventeen or eighteen, bearing her pitcher. The unusual sight of a gentleman thus performing his toilet in public made her hesitate, but he spoke at

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once: "Mademoiselle, I am an escaped prisoner; my name is d'Arde. If you like, you can give me up; but if I read your face aright, I am safe in your hands."

"What can I do, monsieur?"

"Can you take me somewhere where I can have an hour's rest and something to eat?"

"Willingly, monsieur; you can come with me."

"But not to your home, mademoiselle. I have no right to bring danger to your roof."

"Come, come, monsieur; I am sure my father will approve. Besides, there is little danger of any one observing you at this hour if you do not enter with me."

She filled her pitcher, and a few minutes later he followed her across the little square, entered a narrow street, caught a glimpse of her behind a half-opened shutter, and in a few minutes was in safety in her humble apartments.

In a short time he was refreshed and anxious to depart, but she urged him to wait until her father returned. Any one might suspect him, with his white face and thin beard. If



"'WHAT CAN I DO, MONSIEUR?'"

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monsieur could shave himself she would bring her father's razors. He shaved carefully, and, after dressing his hair, was a different-looking man from the escaped prisoner of a few hours before. He agreed to wait until the father returned, and in the interval his hostess told him their simple story. Her father was a watch-maker; so was her brother, but he had been hurried off to the frontier, under pain of death, and they had heard nothing of him since Longwy.

He told her something of his own story, and she was full of sympathy and thoughtful suggestion. If he would help poor despairing madame, his first care must be for his own safety; and he had better not venture out until dusk.

He felt the truth of her warning, and forced himself into an apparent quiet, but the long July day seemed never-ending, and in his anxiety a vague suspicion was aroused. Was the girl's father really a watch-maker? and was her story as true as it was simple?

At last a knock came to the door, and crying, "Ah, there he is!" his hostess flew to open it. D'Arde arose apprehensive, but his fears

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took flight at the sight of the honest face beaming in kindly greeting.

It only required a few words of explanation to insure a welcome for his unexpected guest ; and, with his welcome, he cried : “ But, monsieur, there is news—great, wonderful news ! Robespierre is arrested ; they say he is dead ; at all events, an end has come, and we are free men once more ! ”

My lord, that same evening the honest watch-maker sought me out, and in his own house I once again held in my arms our friend returned from the dead.

Before another day France was free from the tyrant who had so long held her in terror ; in their joy the people were rushing to the other extreme ; the doors of more than one prison were thrown open to release the innocent, and Arline de Valesme was a free woman before she knew of her lover’s safety.

As I write, they are journeying in all hope to claim a welcome at your hands. They urged me to accompany them, as I could readily have procured a third passport, but I am old enough to dread change more than danger.

M. GUILLOUX TO THE DUKE

Besides, "J'ai du bon tabac dans ma tabatière," and while it lasts I will quietly await the future, ever with strong hope that we have seen the worst, and that the day is coming of which we so often spoke in '92. And until it dawns

I am, my lord,
Your ever-admiring friend and servant,
GUILLOUX.

CANADIAN STORIES OLD
AND NEW

LE COUREUR-DE-BOIS

LE COUREUR-DE-NEIGES

THE VETERAN

UNE SŒUR

MON ROCHER

THE INDISCRETION OF GROSSE BOULE

L E C O U R E U R - D E - B O I S

LE COUREUR-DE-BOIS

THE guard-house at the Porte du Port of the old town of Montreal was comparatively empty that cool May evening of 1701. There had been a week of almost stifling heat, and every one was exhausted by the sudden change from the temperature of winter into that of midsummer. Most of the men had turned in early, glad of the prospect of a refreshing night's rest. In the guard-room a couple of non-commissioned officers were chatting and smoking, three or four soldiers were playing passe-dix on a long bench which served as a table; the officer in command was walking to and fro in the empty Place du Marché with his friend Jacques Bizard, the Town Major, and the sentry yawned sleepily in the refreshing coolness as he slowly paced up and down before the gate.

From the windows of the wakeful Séminaire

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opposite a few lights twinkled, but the town itself was as dark and as silent as the grave.

Outside the wall, beyond the “Little River,” the new mansion of Monsieur Louis Hector de Callière, Chevalier of the Order of St. Louis and Governor of Canada, loomed up imposingly with its heavy bastions. Before the main entrance a sentry paced up and down, for the Governor had come up from Quebec to spend a few days with his friend François Dollier de Casson, the Curé of Montreal.

Within the new dining-room the two friends sat in earnest converse. The Governor, gray-haired, worn with years and service, rested with his gouty leg pillow'd on a chair, talking as cheerfully as a man might under such circumstances. There was at times a strong sympathy in his voice and an affectionate light in his eye as he marked with regret the failing of that herculean strength which had so long distinguished Dollier de Casson.

Both men were evidently nearing the end of their careers, and both had much in common. They were equal in birth; in youth their profession was the same—for the priest had ridden far on the highway to fame under

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the great Turenne before he had donned the cassock ; and for years the object of their common labour and devotion had been the success of the struggling colony.

The windows at the lower end of the room giving on the river were wide open and the night wind swept pleasantly in. Suddenly a shrill, high-pitched cry, broken into sharp, short jerks, burst upon them from the outer darkness.

The Curé started to his feet, while the Governor sat bolt-right in amazement. “Mordieu ! Les Iroquois !” he exclaimed; for the quick jerk of the Iroquois war-whoop once heard can never be forgotten.

The challenge of the sentries both at the Governor’s and at the town gate rang out simultaneously as the priest hastened to the window. For answer, the same sharp, evil cry arose from the blackness of the river, and without further hesitation the sentry before the Governor’s levelled his piece and fired in the direction whence it came. At the gate quick command was followed by instantaneous commotion as the whole guard turned out and lights flashed across the square;

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when from the river came a wild chorus of shouts and laughter and jeering cries of mock reproach and welcome, as a large canoe was faintly seen to sweep round the Point and up to the beach opposite the Porte *du Port*.

"The devil takes care of his own! It is that vaurien Dubosq back again," reported the Curé from his post at the window.

From the canoe sprang six men, followed by two women, who made their way up to the gate, but to their surprise it was still fast closed, and remained so in spite of their clamorous demands for entrance. As they paused for a moment for some response, they heard within the commands of the officer and the tramp of retreating footsteps as the guard was dismissed and returned to quarters. Whereupon one of their number drew a short axe from his belt and began to batter on the stout oaken panel. His performance was cut short by a commanding voice overhead :

"Here, below there! Rest where you have lit, ye thieves, until morning. If I open, you shall all go under lock and key, and if one of you dare so much as lay a hand on that gate again or speak above his breath I'll open fire!"

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There was no mistaking that voice ; each one of the riotous crew sullenly cursed the unlucky chance by which the Town Major happened to be at the gate to spoil their triumphant entry ; but they knew he was quite capable of carrying out his threats, and retired in silence, consigning him to everlasting tortures for a “maudit suisse,” as he was. After watching them until they disappeared in the darkness the corpulent Major withdrew to rejoin his companion, laughing and pleased at this tribute to his authority.

Meanwhile there was angry discussion and hot reproach bandied back and forth between the discomfited and mortified arrivals ; at length he who had plied his axe to such disappointing effect said in a low tone of savage authority : “ Hold your tongues, fools ! Get that canoe and set me across at the Point, and we’ll see if the Governor will refuse to receive a man who returns as I do ! ” As he awaited the fulfilment of his orders he turned towards the gate, and, patting his axe with an angry gesture, growled slowly : “ You pack of hounds ! Would you have me come to your beggarly town on my hands and knees because

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I am without a load of furs behind me?
You'll have another song to sing by the morning."

A few strokes were sufficient to reach the farther side, where their leader, followed by the two women, scrambled up the steep bank. He answered the challenge of the sentry who had advanced from his post before the main door of the château, and civilly demanded permission to see the Governor.

However lightly the authorities might hold him, he was well known and highly admired by the soldiery, most of whom looked with longing towards the freedom of his roving life; so he and his two companions were readily admitted into the entrance-hall and bidden await the Governor's pleasure.

Under the light of the smoking oil-lamp he stood, the ideal half-breed Coureur-de-bois. He was rather undersized, but his lithe, graceful figure was perfect in its proportions, and his olive face strikingly handsome, with its thin, regular features framed by his jet-black hair, which fell in two long braids on each breast. He was dressed in complete buckskin, and, notwithstanding the season, his

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blanket, which hung over his left shoulder, was wound closely round his waist in approved Indian fashion.

The two women were squaws, manifestly Iroquois in feature and dress; one middle-aged and ordinary enough, but the other was a girl of not more than fifteen, with the soft eyes and fawn-like timidity of face which constitute the charm of Indian beauty.

The Governor was annoyed at the bravado of the intruders' approach, but amused at the predicament into which they had fallen, and after a few words with the Curé ordered the trio to be admitted.

As the Coureur-de-bois entered, followed by the two squaws, the Governor eyed him with no friendly glance, for he represented the worst type of that lawless class which had outgrown its first usefulness, and had now developed into the most disturbing element in the internal government of the colony.

The Coureur-de-bois advanced into the room with a natural dignity and assumed deference of manner, for he fully realized the delicacy of his position; and, after bowing low before the Governor, turned towards the Curé, to

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whom he extended his hand with easy assurance.

"All in good time, Master Dubosq," said Dollier, dryly, waving aside the proffered greeting. "Let us first hear what you have to say to his Excellency."

Dubosq smiled as his name was mentioned, dropped his hand palm upward on the table, and bending forward said, with scarcely hidden insolence: "Is he necessary?" indicating the soldier standing armed and motionless at the door.

The Governor frowned impatiently, but signed to the soldier, who withdrew. Dubosq on his part turned to the squaws, who at his bidding backed over to the wall, where, crouching on the floor, they remained immovable throughout the interview, silently following every gesture and expression of the actors with their tireless eyes.

"Now then," said the Governor, impatiently, "no lies and no boasting, more than you can help! I am sick of you and all your tribe! What new deviltry have you been up to, that you must needs carry your impudence into my presence at this hour? I care

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nothing about your idiocy before the gate; you shall answer to the Major for that tomorrow! Now then, begin!"

An angry blush burned redly under Dubosq's dusky skin, but his low voice, with its trace of Indian sweetness, betrayed no resentment as he spoke. "Yes, mon Gouverneur, I have something to tell, and something to show, or I would not have disturbed you and Monsieur le Curé at this hour.

"It is not two weeks since I left with La Taupine to trade; and my congé was in proper order," he added, quickly. "We had fine weather, two good canoes, and four men; we had attended to all our duties, as you know, Monsieur le Curé," glancing at the priest, who, however, gave no sign of acknowledgment to this adroit feeling for support. "We owed no man anything but our regular accounts; so nothing could promise better.

"But see how things fall out! No sooner had we entered Les Mille Îles than we heard La Mouche was in camp at a place we knew of. Good! I was not too well; so La Taupine, taking all the men, set off in the big canoe, and I was left with the smaller and

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most of the goods to await their return until evening.

“To kill time I unloaded the canoe, lifted it up under the bushes, and piled the stuff beside it. Then I set to work to wait, and, with nothing to do and no one to talk to, waiting is the devil. So during the morning, somehow, I fell asleep, and I slept until I was awakened by a fly tickling my nose.”

“Get on with your story, fellow!” said the Governor, sharply.

“Pardon me, mon Gouverneur, but that fly has much to do with my story, and I can only tell it my own way. I shook my head, but the fly returned. I tried to hit it, but hit my nose instead, and, half asleep, I started up and began: ‘Ah! mon—’ but the fly was gone, and, instead, there sat an Iroquois with a twig in his hand, and seven other devils like himself, in full war paint, squatting close about with a grin on every face.

“There I was! This was the end of our beautiful journey for which we had paid so many masses! The canoe was gone, every Indian had a pile of goods on the ground be-

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fore him, and I without so much as a musk-rat skin to show for it all.

“‘Well, my children,’ I said, ‘you have only caught me asleep, so don’t boast too loudly. If you had been men you would have wakened me. Any squaw could have done as much’; but no one answered me a word. At last I said, ‘Now, if you wish to move, I am ready,’ and so we started.

“Such a march! We went through the bush at a half run, only stopping once that evening when we reached their camp, and there picked up these two squaws; but half an hour later we were astir again. All that night we marched until daylight without halt, and it was the next afternoon before they dared make a regular camp. They knew La Taupine was with me, and that they were not safe within any reasonable distance.

“No doubt we would have moved on the next day as well, only one of the Iroquois insisted he had carried his plunder far enough, and now would taste it.” Dubosq caught the Governor’s angry start at this admission of his carrying the forbidden spirits, but, like the fly on his nose, it was too important a point

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to be passed over, and he continued with a well-assumed innocence : “ So they tapped one of the kegs, and when I awoke—for I was so done out that I had slept like the dead as soon as I could throw myself down—they were all pretty reasonably drunk, and they had begun on a second.

“ We were all friends together now ; they boasted of how they would be received in their bonrgade when they walked in with Dubosq—Dubosq-le-Coureur—tied between two squaws ; and they langhed, those painted devils, and struck me on the back, and I laughed with them. Why not ? Were we not all friends together ? They said my standing quarrel with their people was an old affair, something that had passed, and I let them say on. So we drank, but all the time I was keeping my head clear by planning how I would take that same quarrel up before long.

“ A third keg was opened, and then a fourth; which was sheer waste, for before it was touched, and long before the moon was an hour up, the two squaws and I were the only ones sober in the camp.

“ They had tried to fasten me in their usual

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fashion, but only one arm was really tied to the sapling, and the Indian on my right was so drunk that, as soon as I determined upon my plan, I drew my arm with the unfastened cords from under him, and with his own knife cut myself free. I was sure of him, but was not quite so certain of the one on my left.

“The two squaws were asleep, as far as I could tell; but I dared not make a noise, for fear they should scream out or escape; so I raised myself slowly on my elbow, and, after just touching my Indian over the body with the tips of my fingers to make sure of how he was lying, I struck him with all my strength, and at the same time threw myself across his body, covering his mouth and nose with my hand. I might have spared myself the trouble, for my knife had found its way to the right place, and he only drew himself up together and trembled a little, and then lay quite still.

“I raised my head, and listened with both ears. Nothing moved but the wind in the trees. There was no sound but the moving of the leaves and the snoring of the drunken Indians. I sat up, took my cords, and, tying them together, crept softly over towards the

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two squaws, and before they were well awake they were so tied that I was safe from any move on their part, and I easily showed them it would not be well to make a noise. Now I had only to finish my work.

“I walked back to my first man, and with his own casse-tête I sent him, and after him his six fellow-thieves, one after another, down to hell, in such quick following that they were treading on each other’s heels.

“In three days I was back at the river again, for I had had all the trading I wanted this journey ; but I have not come empty-handed.”

Here the vanity of the half-breed could not be controlled, the Indian blood asserting itself. He drew himself up to his full height, and his voice swelled into a triumphant boast as he repeated : “No, I have not come empty-handed ! I have brought no furs, I have come back in a strange canoe ! I have brought back no goods, nor have I a pound of beaver to show for them ! I will not trade on the Place du Marché tomorrow, but there is not a proper man in Montreal who would not give ten years of his life for my butin ! I travel light, but I carry the lives of eight men ! There !”

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At the word he threw back his blanket, and slipping a belt from his waist hurled on the table before the two gentlemen eight Iroquois scalps, with their long locks twisted and plaited with coloured porcupine and beads in the highest refinement of savage art. They both started involuntarily. Dubosq stood with his arms crossed on his heaving chest and his gaze fixed on the Governor's face, while the eyes of the two squaws sparkled and danced in admiration of the successful warrior.

The Governor, with an exclamation of disgust, pushed the belt with its horrible trophies from him, and he and the Curé looked sternly into each other's eyes before he spoke :

“Take up your devil's necklace, you scoundrel! The law allows you a reward; but, had I my way, it would take a different shape. It is to you, and such as you, we owe the stain that is gathering on our name. You are worse than the savages whom you disgrace by your presence; and, if you come before us for praise, you have brought your suit to the wrong court. I have nothing to say to you! To-morrow you may bring your tale before the Governor of the town, and if I have any

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influence with him, be assured you shall meet with your full reward."

Dubosq calmly replaced his belt and gathered his blanket about him; but the angry flush on his cheeks burned still redder as he signed to the two squaws, who arose and stood in their places.

"We will go?" he inquired, softly.

"Non, mordieu! You shall not go!" thundered the Governor, striking his stick fiercely on the table.

At his signal the doors swung open, and a sergeant with four men entered.

"Here! take this fellow and keep him and the women safe till morning. See they are comfortable, though, and have enough to eat."

The sergeant saluted, and crossed over to Dubosq, who, bowing quietly to the Governor and the priest, passed out of the room, followed by the squaws and the soldiers.

In the early morning there was commotion in the court-yard of the Governor's residence, there was much running to and fro, and indignant reproach and answer.

One thing alone was clear. Dubosq had

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escaped in some mysterious manner in spite of his guards, for the elder squaw was the only occupant of the out-house in which they had been confined overnight.

Later on, a piece of coarse paper was discovered fastened high on the main door of the Château, on which was scrawled in red chalk :

ÉTIENNE DUBOSQ. SA MARQUE,

and in the centre was one of the ghastly trophies, an Iroquois scalp, pinned fast by the blade of his hunting-knife.



LE COUREUR-DE-NEIGES

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“Sancta Maria, speed us !
The sun is falling low.
Before us lies the valley
Of the Walker of the Snow.”

—CHARLES D. SHANLY.

“**B**ENEDICITE,” prayed the child, with uplifted hands; “Dominus,” began the company round the table, in chorus; and the child lisped on alone: “nos et ea quae sumus sumpturi benedicat dextera Christi. In nomine Patris, et Filii, et Spiritus Sancti.” “Amen,” hastily responded the company, and with the word burst forth the clatter and disturbance of an ill-conducted family dinner in a Canadian household of two hundred years ago.

The father and mother had barely helped themselves before half a dozen spoons met and rattled against the sides of the large earthen-

ware bowl in a struggle to transfer the choicer morsels to the plates crowded close about its generous circumference. The clamorous contestants were a lot of half-grown boys and girls, ranging from Henri, an unlicked cub of eighteen, down to the child of six who had just repeated the familiar grace.

A glance at the father, who, with an open book propped against his silver cup, sat quietly reading, unmindful of the noise and brawling, assured one that it was a gentleman's household; but the rough, uneven floor, the bare walls, the rude benches down each side of the uncovered table, told of its careless poverty. Of the children, not one was fittingly dressed, nor, for the matter of that, properly clean; the girls were apparently without ordinary vanity, and the boys without a saving pride.

The children ate off pewter, with heavy iron spoons and an insufficient number of knives between them; forks they had none, so, like their social inferiors, they helped themselves with their fingers; but Charles-Marie-Antoine Lanouillier, Seigneur de Bois-Feuillant, at the head of the table, was served on silver, as was

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his wife, Denise, the pale-faced, small-featured lady in the faded green gown who faced him at its other end.

M. de Bois-Feuillant, Chevalier of the Military Order of St. Louis, and formerly a captain in the Carignan-Salières regiment, had done a man's fair share of campaigning, both against the Turk in Europe and the Indian in New France, and, for reward, was granted some thousands of acres on the banks of the Richelieu en fief et seigneurie, with the imposing privileges of haute, moyenne, et basse justice. His seigneurie, however, was at such perilous distance from the protecting forts of Chambly and St. Jean that censitaires were slow in presenting themselves, and M. de Bois-Feuillant, without adequate means for the cultivation of his estate, was fast drifting into hopeless poverty. He was the last man in the world to make any successful effort to retrieve his fortunes. While a soldier he had fulfilled his duties with a punctilious exactitude, more in keeping with the spirit of a knight of the days of chivalry than of an infantry officer of the seventeenth century. As he was of good family, his connections at court saw to his advance-

ment, and his present position as seigneur of these unbroken acres had come to him in like manner, without effort on his part. He had an unusual liking for book-learning, and so long as he could pore over his Tacitus or Montaigne, and eat decently off his silver, he took but little notice of what went on about him. He considered he had made sufficient sacrifice for his family when he wrote to a powerful relative soliciting his favour on behalf of his eldest son, who was now in France as squire to the Baron de la Roche-Bernard, learning the art of war, after the unvarying tradition of the family.

Madame de Bois-Fenillant, like many another gentlewoman of her day, had been bitterly disheartened by the unending and apparently hopeless struggle which life in the half-savage colony demanded. So long as her husband had remained in the army and she might cherish the hope of a return to France, she lived her life as bravely as her fellow-exiles; but when he accepted his grant from the King, and settled down contentedly to a life of coarse poverty and careless indifference, she wearied of any attempt to govern the household in his

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stead, and rapidly aged into a hardened, cynical woman, looking on the mean surroundings of her daily life with the sometimes amused, sometimes contemptuous eye of an outsider.

The children had grown up uncared for, uneducated, and unrestrained; they wandered where they would, without a thought for any other than themselves, and the natural development followed.

A loud barking without, interrupted and at length silenced by a string of vigorous imprecations, quieted the noisy crowd about the table for a moment.

“There’s Gui!” called out Angélique. “You’d better get out of his place before he asks you, monsieur Henri.”

But Henri paid no attention to the taunting warning except to forestall Gui’s probable choice by securing the best portion of fowl left on the platter, transferring it to his own plate with his unwiped fingers.

Gui entered—a tall, handsome, dark-featured youth of twenty, dressed in the height of savage finery. He wore neatly made moccasins, his leggings were new and tight-fitting,

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and his white buckskin shirt, worn outside his leggings, and secured round his waist with a worked porcupine belt, was ornamented down the arms and breast with a short fringe, each point of which was tipped with red and yellow beads.

His father never raised his head from his book, but the others looked towards him expectantly.

Gui glanced at his usual seat ; then, placing his gun in the corner, strode over to the table and stood behind the exasperating Henri. A look at the others sufficed : in an instant he had the usurper by the collar and about the waist, and in spite of a frantic clutch at everything within reach, jerked him over the low bench, and sent him sprawling on the floor.

A shout of jeering laughter greeted the discomfited Henri as he rose, and, with an angry snarl, hurled his pewter plate with all his force at his elder brother, who avoided it with ease and straddled the captured place in convenient position for further defence. But no attack was made, whereupon Gui, ordering Angélique to pick up the battered plate and wipe it, began his dinner with what remained on the

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large platter, in the same uncouth manner as the others.

When his hunger was satisfied he walked over to a rude placard, or cupboard, let into the side wall, poured out a mug of small-beer from the pitcher, and drank in silence, staring moodily at his mother the while.

“Do you see anything, mon petit?” she challenged, in her flute-like voice.

“Nothing worth remarking,” he retorted, setting down his mug.

The clatter about the table ceased instantly, the children glanced eagerly from mother to brother, while M. de Bois-Feuillant, roused by the sudden silence, exclaimed, dreamily: “Eh! eh! What did you say, my son?”

“Nothing, my father, except a word to madame, my mother, to express my regret at leaving so pleasant a home.”

“What! Has the Vicomte written?” asked M. de Bois-Feuillant, with sudden interest.

“No, I go where I need no protection from Vicomte, or any other than myself.”

“Not that folly of the woods, my son? Not that disreputable life, full of ignoble dangers . . . ?”

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“Oh, he is a brave runner!” piped the mother, mockingly.

“Madame, I felicitate you on the taste of your compliment.”

“... full of ignoble dangers,” continued M. de Bois-Feuillant, unheeding, “and a degradation to any gentleman of good family?”

“A gentleman of good family!” laughed Gui. “A gentleman of good family! Has my ‘family’ ever given me anything more than life? Has my ‘family’ prevented these”—indicating his brothers and sisters with scornful sweep of his hand—“from growing up into good-for-nothing savages? I was a fool to have refused Dulhut’s offer when with La Taupine last year, but now I make no more mistakes. Here everything has gone to the devil without, everything is going to the devil within, and you would have me stay in it, all forsooth that I am ‘a gentleman of good family.’ No! I have played the ‘gentleman’ for the last time, and now I turn eoureur. Yes, madame”—turning on his mother in answer to her affected surprise—“yes, madame, eoureur—eoureur-de-bois, if you will have it at length.”

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"May you be as successful in your new rôle as in your present!" smiled Madame.

For once Gui did not respond; he moved towards his gun, and there stood for a moment as if expecting some word from his father; but the old officer fingered nervously at his silver cup, so unmistakably anxious to end the scene, that Gui, in contemptuous pity, walked quietly out of the room, his mother's tantalizing laugh ringing after him in mocking farewell.

Henceforth Gui de Bois-Feuillant was seen no more in his usual haunts about the seigneurie, nor yet in the streets of Montreal, nor in the taverns of Quebec.

At the beginning of his career he ran the round of the distant posts of Michilimackinac, of Kaministiquia, of La Tourette in the north, and of Crèvecœur and Prud'homme in the south; but he soon wore out his welcome at each in turn, for his overbearing, savage nature scornfully leaped the easy limits of decency recognized by the unexacting courreurs-de-bois. His appearances at the larger forts grew rare, and as they not unfrequently ended in more or less

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serious quarrels, he was there looked upon with a suspicion and distrust that but served as additional fuel to his vanity.

He naturally fell in with the most lawless of his kind ; with them he committed flagrant offences against ordonnances of both Governor and Intendant, and before long was a proscribed and outlawed man, with a price set upon his head.

His unquestioned courage, joined to his unusual strength, had won him universal admiration from the Indians, who readily proffered the open worship his overweening vanity greedily demanded, and he was nowhere so thoroughly satisfied as when the centre of a group of approving savages.

His fame spread through most distant tribes. He was renowned among the Sioux and Dahcotahs of the plains, the Issati of the upper Mississippi, and the Natchez of the south as a mighty hunter and warrior, a runner of incredible speed, and the most reckless of gamesters.

No foot was surer, no instinct truer in the chase than his ; no great funeral feast was complete without his presence to lead the custom-

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ary games; and when he had anything to lose, he would sit night after night in the lodges, risking his dearly won peltries or more dearly prized weapons on the cast of the coloured bones, or the combined skill and chance of the jeu de paille.

When he ceased to visit the French posts, it was easy to throw aside what little remained of the restraints of civilization. No red-skinned pagan with whom he fraternized was more naturally a savage than this son of a French officer, who had never met their breed save at the sword's point.

His straight, regular features were burned into as dusky a colour as his fellows, his dress was theirs in every particular; like them, he painted his face and body, and oiled and dressed his hair in long, ornamental braids. About the ever-moving camp-fires he could boast or lie as bravely of real or imaginary exploits, bandy his obscene jests, or quarrel as fiercely as any savage of them all.

In time he was forgotten by his own race. He had disappeared from their thinly scattered ranks into the darkness of the surrounding barbarism, and in the painted, half-naked

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savage, famed among his fellow-savages as Outagami, the Fox, there was nothing to recall the turbulent personality once known to men as Charles-Nicolas-Gui Lanouillier de Bois-Feuillant.

Outagami the savage ventured where Gui the renegade would not dare. Outagami had no known past behind him. He joined in and led war-parties against Frenchmen, Hollander, or English without scruple or remorse. He was not more cruel than his fellows—that was impossible—but to their cruelty he added an intelligence devilish in its ingenuity.

When M. de la Barre moved, with all his impotent “pomp and circumstance of war,” against the Iroquois, only to end in the humiliating peace of La Famine, Outagami was absent on a marauding expedition in the south, and only rejoined his tribe when they returned flushed with insolent victory. In wilful defiance of their would-be conquerors, and in flagrant violation of the despised treaty, they had made a détour on their return, raided an Outaouais village, and carried off a score of prisoners.

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Chafing at his ill-fortune—for he would have given much to have bearded the Governor and his following, each of whom he looked upon with envenomed hate as his personal enemy—Outagami vented his displeasure in taunting his comrades and underrating their exploit. Finding this course unavailing, he began an insolent examination of the prisoners, demanding the names of their captors, boasting of his own achievements, and promising tortures to each victim in turn.

Suddenly he stopped before a young squaw in pretended indignation and amazement. Who had dared to interfere with his property? She belonged to him; he had seen her once in a dream. Then, changing his tone—but perchance he was mistaken! She had come of her own free-will to meet him, or some brother had guided her feet to his side.

The girl shrank back, alarmed at his truculent advances, while a burst of laughter greeted his bravado. It was quieted for a moment, only to swell into a roar of applause as a brave stepped forward and challenged Outagami to make his words good.

“I brought her, my brother. But you were

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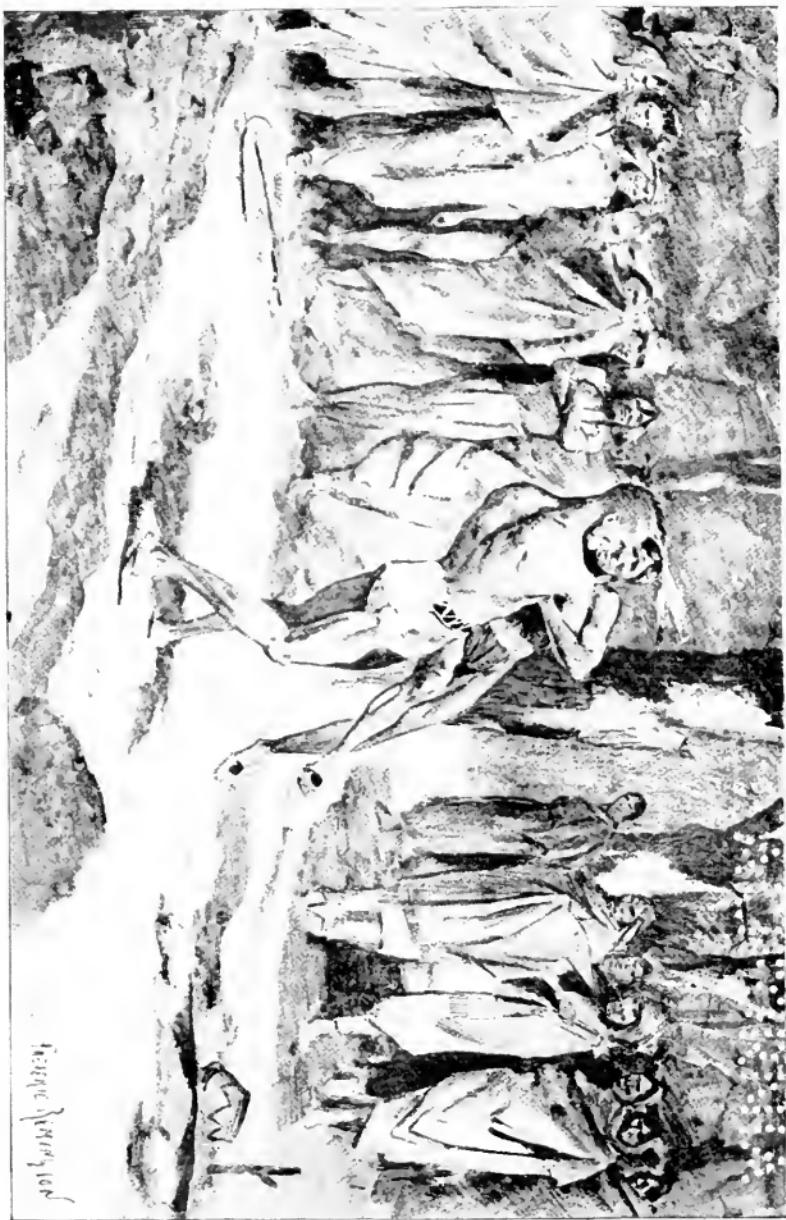
far away with the setting sun, and for this reason I left her grandmother, who still awaits your coming."

"Is her grandmother skilled in the use of herbs, my brother?"

"Yes, O Outagami! and she is even now gathering leaves for your hurts."

Again the challenger won the applause of the crowd by his anticipation of Outagami's gibe, and, without more ado, both men threw off leggings and blankets and faced each other.

A ring was instantly formed. The combatants moved warily round, seeking an opportunity to close, taunting each other the while and inciting attack by feigned advance or retreat. Nearer and nearer they circled until at last they touched, and then, unable to restrain themselves, they sprang upright and grappled. Backward and forward they strained and twisted, with every trick and ruse of the trained wrestler, while the crowd uttered low grunts of approval, and the prisoners stood a-tilttoe to watch the struggle. No human strength could stand such a strain for any time; muscle, bone, and sinew were tried to their utmost, when Outagami, in a



"OUTAGAMI, IN A SUPREME EFFORT, LIFTED AND THREW HIS ANTAGONIST."

George Armitage

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supreme effort, lifted and threw his antagonist, limp and breathless, amid a mighty roar of admiration from the fickle crowd. Spent and exhausted, the two braves rested after their bout, while ready hands brought them water and chafed their throbbing limbs.

"Brother," said Outagami, at last, "if you are still in doubt, there are six little bones by which we may decide."

The crowd fell in with his humour, and the principal warriors moved towards the lodge of the chief, where the two braves seated themselves on an outspread deer-skin, each with his counters of grains beside him, and the round cup with the coloured bones in the centre.

Hour after hour through the dusk of the evening and in the light of the rekindled fire they threw with varying chances, with rapid passes and gestures, with wild cries and heavy smitings of the breast, and a never-ceasing flow of ribaldry, in which the excited crowd freely joined, until fortune again sided with Outagami.

Twice had he won the girl fairly, but his vanity could be satisfied with no positive vic-

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tory while a further triumph lay within a possibility.

Throwing the cup and bones over his shoulder, and scattering his counters among the crowd with an exultant shout, he challenged his opponent to another trial—a race in the dark.

Out into the chill of the September night trooped the warriors. Women and children eagerly piled dry branches on the fire until it leaped and flared in the frosty air. Runners were sent out to the points to be passed by the contestants, who stood stripped and ready for the signal to start.

As they waited, from out the darkness on the left came the call of the man at the last post, answered by him at the next, fainter again in the distance, and again louder and nearer on the right.

The rivals stood swaying at the mark, and at the signal from the chief shot forth. In an instant both were lost to the keenest eye which followed. The crowd stood in an eager silence, every body bent forward and every sense strained to its utmost to catch some indication of the invisible runners.

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Then “U-u-u-u-ugh!” rang from the first picket. Again the same signal came fainter and more distant, then again, and again, and a few minutes later the crowd broke into a frantic roar of delight, and rapidly fell back into two great masses as Outagami flashed from out the darkness, and in the delirium of his triumph dashed through the blazing fire, scattering brands and flame in his mad finish, ere his opponent came into sight.

It was a superb effort, and even his inordinate vanity was satisfied with the enthusiastic admiration it called forth.

He had won the prize: the girl belonged to him by right of conquest, as undisputed as if he had carried her off red-handed in the midnight massacre of her tribe.

He laughed to scorn the command of the elders that he should marry her according to their custom. He marry? He had never looked twice at living woman, and if he chose to claim her, it was only because she belonged to him as actually as his gun or his hunting-knife. She was his—not his wife, not his mistress—but his, to use as he pleased, to kill or

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let live, to toil, to laugh, to sing, or to weep at his pleasure ; and, with the inexplicable nature of woman, she followed as he led, without a murmur.

She followed him in all his wanderings, however distant, however dangerous, for he gave no thought to her safety more than to his own. They were not two people—he was Outagami, and she belonged to him, body and soul. He gave nothing to her ; his protection was simply the terror of his name.

Years brought new triumphs, for his phenomenal physical development had become his passion, towards which no vice, no temptation, could lure him even into a momentary forgetfulness. With every repeated success his pride in his power and his contempt for his fellows swelled beyond all bounds, until his intolerable arrogance made all companionship impossible.

Farther and farther he wandered with his one human companion, known and shunned in every lodge from the head of the Belle Rivière to the utmost limits of the Missouri ; never coming into any camp save to replenish his store of powder or to taste once more the

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sweetness of acknowledged mastery in some fierce contest of savage strength or skill.

But his fame had grown to such a point that he could rarely find a brave who dared to face him. It was whispered that his strength and endurance were something more than human, and a sinister reason for his long disappearances was hinted at that was sufficient to hold back all but the most reckless. In time he came to believe something of it himself, and the moment he felt that his success was assured by some external power, he lost his strong incentive towards victory—it was no longer his, it was no longer personal. Then with the belief came fear—fear of injury to that beautiful, perfect body with its marvellous strength, the one thing he worshipped—and once this asserted itself, it became all-powerful. With a courage born of his fear—a courage superior to all shame or contempt—he henceforward refused to lead or join in any war-party, no matter how powerful, or take up any private quarrel, no matter how great the provocation.

Despised or hated by all about him, he wandered through unknown woods, by unknown

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waters, haunted by his ever-present fear of accident, in ever-increasing loneliness, followed by the one human creature whose presence he could command.

She seldom spoke to him and never uttered his name. When he entered any camp, the old familiar cry, "Outagami," never heralded his approach. If spoken of at all, it was as Le Coureur. He had lost his human name, and had become a *thing*, even to the savage.

But a day came when the passion for victory awoke once more within him. News was spread of a wonderful runner who had arisen among the Outaouais—a runner whose name and whose exploits were on all lips, as were once those of the almost-forgotten champion. While in the Sioux country he heard from a wandering half-breed of the renown of the new hero, who might be found with his tribe on their hunting-grounds on the upper Ottawa.

The old fire of ambition and lust of praise, once rekindled, burned with renewed fierceness, and he would brave all to taste again the long-ungathered sweets of victory.

Relying on his unabated strength and en-

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durance, he braved the almost insurmountable hardships of a winter journey through the desolate region north of Lake Superior, not daring to approach the forts or risk encounter with certain enemies on the regular routes of travel. He battled against storm, and cold, and hunger, undaunted and unshaken, but when he reached the ice-bound limits of the Ottawa, the woman who had so long borne her unmerited burden of shame and ill-repute, laid herself down exhausted, and, with a gleam of hope, saw the hour of her deliverance at hand.

He commanded and threatened her in vain. Then, not in pity, but in terror lest he should be left alone with his ever-present fear, he built a rude wigwam, cut fir branches for a bed, gathered a store of wood, and for a whole morning hunted, and returned laden with a supply of food. She lay without a movement, following his every motion with her fever-lighted eyes, as he cooked the meat, laid some of it beside her, then ate of it himself, and stretched his wearied body by the fire, where he slept to the shrill piping of the icy wind through the openings of their frail shelter.

Hour after hour she lay there, watching the

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immovable sleeper, watching the gloom gather closer and closer round the dying fire, listening to the piping blast sinking into a moaning softness or gradually swelling into a roar, as it swept down with its scourge of icy snow that whipped and flogged at the rattling bark on the straining poles.

At last he awoke—listened for a moment to the rising storm, threw fresh wood on the smoking fire, and taking up his snow-shoes, examined them with the greatest care.

She spoke to him, but he only glanced at her without a word. When he had examined and tested his snow-shoes, he threw off his scanty clothing, and warming his pot of coloured earths at the fire, began to paint his face and body according to his wont. She spoke again, but he went on unheeding. When he finished, he dressed with care and deliberation, and taking a small portion of food, he picked up his snow-shoes and bent to crawl through the low entrance.

Again the dying woman spoke, but this time her feeble mutterings ended in such a cry of fierce desperation that he sprang to his feet in amazement.

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What had happened?

The stolid, expressionless mask he had so long known had fallen, and in its place started forth a face distorted in a storm of passionate hate; the timid, shifting eyes blazed with a steady, demoniacal fire; the mute, slavish lips now poured forth a fearless torrent of reproach and execration.

His surprise died as quickly as it had arisen, and, with his devilish skill, he stood there eying her immovably until the old power reasserted itself, and she cowered beneath the terror of his glance, her strident scream breaking into a low wail of hopeless weakness.

But even as he triumphed, the crisis returned, and gathering new force, the suppressed hatred of her life burst forth in all the fierceness of savage malediction.

She called upon every power of evil to curse him in his strength, in his pride of mastery, in his hour of victory, in his hour of direst need. "Go!" she screamed, with a shriek of frenzied laughter, high above the roar of the storm. "Go! Run swifter than the wind, faster than the day; run until the wind dies forever and the day comes no

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more — but before you my curse shall ever wait. Go ! Go !”

And with fear clinging to him as a garment, he turned and crawled through the opening into the blackness without.

With the awful curse ringing in his ears, he staggered to his feet, and in blind desperation rushed forward in the teeth of the driving storm, heedless of his course.

The familiar struggle against the tempest at last partially recalled him to his senses. With a shudder, he paused and shook himself as if to throw off his overwhelming burden, and turning his back to the wind, stood crouching before it as he tried to collect his thoughts. But he could think of nothing save her imprecation. It rang through his brain with a terrible insistence till all the evil of his nature awoke in fierce revolt, and with a low growl of defiance, he stood upright and retraced his steps. She must unsay the curse she had laid upon him, or he would strangle her with his hands as she lay.

Pushing aside the frozen cloth before the entrance, he crawled back into the wigwam.

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The fire still burned brightly, and on her bed of pine the figure of the woman lay immovable.

With hot anger surging through every fibre and contracting every muscle into murderous tension, he crawled noiselessly towards the outstretched figure. He was almost beside her now, but she lay unmindful of his presence. He raised himself on the points of his fingers, ready for his spring, when he caught a fuller view of her face, and, with a gasp of despair, he saw that another and a greater change had come.

The being he had known was gone, and in her place was Death Eternal—Death under a frozen mask of hate, thrilling him with terror as he read the undying curse written in its staring eyes.

There he knelt as immovable as the Presence before him, with no thought of vengeance, no effort of escape, the life within him ebbing backward, backward, backward, before the unchangeable hatred of the dead.

Suddenly the wigwam strained and bent, and then was torn bodily from its fastenings, the blazing fire was whirled and scattered into the

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white emptiness about, and with a scream of torture the kneeling figure leaped to its feet, and was swept before the scourge of the midnight storm.

Onward it fled through the depths of the groaning forest amid the crash of frozen branches, down the broad course of the sheeted river shrieking between the ice-bound walls of rock in the narrows, over the open plain to the sleeping town where the bells quivered in a long moan as they lifted before its fury and then swung back with one harsh clang, at which affrighted sleepers moaned, or, starting up, crossed themselves in the darkness, as it swept onward, onward, down to the very edge of the realm of Winter and of Death. But to the tortured spirit no boundary could mean rest, no road lead to a journey's end. As the signs of winter lessened, the storm but made a wider circle to bear the lost soul, with its never-ceasing wail of despair, back towards the endless night and desolation of the North.

Men have looked upon that midnight horror, but no living man has told what his eyes have seen. But when the fierce might of summer

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has rolled back the shroud of winter to the unchangeable limits of the eternal snow, in the depth of the awakening forest, on the green breast of the flowering prairie, on the level beach of the swollen river, are sometimes found the forever quiet bodies of those who in an evil hour have looked upon the face of the lost Coureur-de-Neiges.

THE VETERAN

THE VETERAN

THE excitement was intense throughout the county, and especially in such centres as Ste. Philomène. The Liberals were making a most determined effort to regain the power which they had lost soon after the death of the elder Malouin, who had been their acknowledged leader for nearly half a century, and no effort was spared on either side. Old party cries and shibboleths were revived, racial and religious differences appealed to, and discords rekindled with unhesitating activity.

One of the strong cards of the Rouge party on nomination day at Ste. Philomène was Phileas Tranchemontagne, the cobbler of St. Isidore. The old man had ever found time during his busiest day of patching to entertain a friend with cheerful if not always veracious conversation, and being a good listener as well,

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his little workshop was seldom empty, save when host and audience could execute a stealthy exit and, unintercepted by Malvina his wife, gain the shelter of the widow Le-fevre's to wet their whistles with a short but effective choke of her fiery "w'iskie blanc." Long practice had made him not only a skilful story-teller, but even something of an orator; a fervid imagination stood him in stead of experience and raised him superior to all facts, especially when dealing with matters of the past.

On the eventful day he was kept well in evidence. What patriotic Canadian could behold unmoved this old man, so typical of all that was traditional in his race, dressed from top to toe in "*étoffe du pays*," shod with "*bottes sauvages*," smoking a pipe made from a knot of hard maple constantly refilled with "*bon tabac blanc*" from a time-worn pouch of moose hide? Under the stimulus of frequent "*p'ti coups*," "*w'iskie au citron*," and "*square face*," his sonorous references to "*le trente sept*," "*St. Denis*," "*St. Eustache*," and "*le pauvre Chenier*" indicated clearly the drift of his intended flight, and when his leaders, fore-

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seeing that too long dalliance with the heavy-bottomed tumblers, held they never so little, might interfere with his eloquence, hurried him up to address the waiting crowd, he was in his best form.

Never did his periods roll out more roundly; after a strong speech in favour of the Liberal candidate, whom he qualified as “un véritable enfant du sol,” a direct descendant of “the heroes of Thirty-Seven,” he alluded to the unhappy differences that “*he* and Papineau” had striven to adjust by all peaceable means, and how when the call came to arms “*he* and Chenier, ce pauvre cher homme,” “*he* and Nelson,” “*he* and DeLorimier” had risen as a single man, backed by the fathers, uncles, cousins, and the whole of the immediate elder generation, all relatives of those surrounding him, and had held the might of England at bay until, outnumbered, suffering, wounded, dead and dying, they had laid down their arms; not conquered, not subdued, but ready again, at any time, night or day, to grasp them once more at the agonized cry of their suffering countrymen, should any foreign power once more attempt to place her iron heel upon the

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neck of a people who were cradled in the lap of Freedom!

The enthusiasm was intense. With that astonishing aptitude to believe any sentiment which appeals to its imagination, the crowd, Bleu and Rouge alike, caught fire; "Thirty-Seven" was but yesterday, and no statement of old Tranchemontagne seemed too extravagant for acceptance; the orator was cheered to the echo and congratulated on all sides, while the frequent exclamations of "Les Patriotes," "Chenier," and the instant relapse into reminiscence of those stormy days, showed plainly the trend of public sentiment.

So general was the feeling aroused that it was with much difficulty that young Philippe Lebeau—of course "le beau Philippe" to his admirers—the advocate from Ste. Marguerite, obtained a hearing. However, he soon arrested attention by a glowing and unexpected eulogy of those who had sacrificed both lives and property in the days of "the Thirty-Seven"; but once attention was warmed into enthusiasm he quickly changed his tone.

"It must not be forgotten," he said, "that there were others as fully deserving the name of

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'Patriote.' My old grandfather was one who withstood all popular disfavour and obloquy, because he would not fight against that flag under whose folds he and his fellow-heroes, French and English alike, repulsed the invader in 1812 on the field of Châteauguay. No political faction could force him to forswear the oath his ancestor had taken in accepting British rule and protection when French Canada was abandoned by the mother-country. And, while honouring both classes of men, we must not be led away by the statements of the last speaker, whose eloquence has always outdistanced his appreciation of the actual facts of any question. I am not aware that either history or tradition has preserved any record of his services in the constitutional struggle inaugurated by the great Papineau, I have never heard that his military knowledge or experience materially strengthened the hands of the leaders in the appeal to arms; however, I *do* know that he never saw either St. Charles or St. Denis with his physical eyes, that he never so much as spoke to Dr. Chenier; and, what is more, the only military service he ever rendered was when a solitary skirmisher of Sir

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John Colborne's column, coming unexpectedly upon a score of 'Patriotes' drilling in a field near St. Benoit, sent a musket-ball whistling over their heads to give them timely chance to escape, he, Philéas Tranchemontagne, in his familiarity with the usages of modern warfare, sprang to the top of the intervening stone wall, and wildly waving his arms screamed out: 'Quien! Quien! Quoi'ce tu fais là? Y'a du monde ici!' ”*

The veteran missed his coup.

* "Hi! Hi! What are you about there? There are people over here!"

UNE SŒUR

UNE SŒUR

IT was more than sixty years ago, and was the closing day at the little country convent of St. Pierre des Monts. It was a day important, even among closing days, for the first gold medal offered in the convent had been won, and was to be presented by Monseigneur the Bishop, who had come to this distant centre of gentle civilization for that express purpose, and now sat on the platform surrounded by his coadjutor, the Curé of the parish, the Mother Superior, and the principal members of the community.

His Grace's purple was the only point of decided colour in the room. The solemn-faced local member was in glossy broadcloth, the visiting friends and relations were in black or gray homespun, the nuns and clergy in sombre gown or soutane, while the younger classes wore the regulation black alpaca of the con-

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vent. All this served to throw the graduating class into high relief. Like a row of lilies, these maidens stood before the platform, fresh and pure and sweet in snowy lawn, their eager faces aglow with the charm of youth and all eyes alight with expectation.

The gold-medallist was a tall, black-eyed maid of sixteen, with a fine, oval face and regular features, surrounded by a glorious crown of luxuriant hair. Her progress and standing throughout her course had been extraordinary, and the words of praise and encouragement with which the Bishop presented the prize were spoken with deserved appreciation of her effort and success.

As he ended he took the little gold cross in his hand, and reading the inscription, "Marceline Legendre, Couvent de Notre Dame des Monts, July 1814," he said: "My child, you are now beginning your larger life, and none of us can say what it may hold for you"—here the girl glanced quickly up at the Mother Superior, her eyes big with tears, while the Bishop went on—"but be certain that your honest endeavour will ever meet with its reward, as sure if not as tangible as this

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precious cross which I now place in your keeping."

When the little ceremony was over, embracings, congratulations, and compliments followed from all present. Beside Marceline stood her mother, a glance at whom, although she was now worn and bowed with a life of labour, told whence the girl derived her beauty and carriage. Now her quiet face was lighted with a grateful joy in her daughter's triumph. All the privations necessitated by the expense of Marceline's education were fully repaid, every word of praise fell refreshingly on her mother heart; in her joy she had grown young once more, and her eyes shone with the same exalté light which illumined her daughter's face.

When the time for departure came, Marceline lingered to the last, but now her little wooden trunk was placed in the springless charette, old Blonde stood patiently at the door, and Madame Legendre listened earnestly to the parting words of the Mother Superior, while Marceline stood hand-in-hand with her friend la Sœur Ste. Thérèse, the youngest sister in the community. Finally the last farewells were said; the two women climbed into the

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high cart, and the elder taking up the reins they drove slowly through the convent gates.

The long July evening was just beginning ; its peaceful glow invited silence, and they drove on without speaking. The mother had all the familiar past before her, and her heart was filled with thankfulness ; the daughter had all the unknown future, and she was weeping silently with averted face.

Their road lay along the river, beyond which the sun was setting, throwing the shadows of the dense pines in great black patches across their way and making great golden glories in the open.

Through alternate light and shadow the jolting charette moved onward with its silent occupants, until the girl's hand stole beneath her black woollen shawl and clasping her mother's she said : "Es tu contente, maman?" and for answer the mother bent over and kissed her.

It was nearly ten o'clock before the tired travellers drove into the little passage, just wide enough to admit the charette, beside their cottage in the village of Ste. Philomène. From the side-window shone a welcoming

gleam of light, which was darkened by an intervening head the moment Blonde slackened her pace, and a merry series of raps on the closely fastened window tapped out a joyous recognition of their home-coming.

“Run in, child! He has waited all day for you. I’ll look after Blonde.”

Without a word Marceline leaped lightly out and hurried into the house, where she was greeted by a thankful, satisfied cry as she knelt beside a low chair and clasped to her breast the little figure seated therein. She might have been a mother, so protecting was her embrace, so tender was the caressing touch of her hand on the head pillowed on her shoulder.

“Wait one moment, cheri, I must bring maman the light,” and lifting the pierced tin lantern from the peg behind the door, she blew the embers on the hearth into a flame and lighted the candle.

In a few moments she returned, and kneeling before the low chair said: “Let us see how my Octave has kept himself!” As she spoke she pushed the boy’s hair back from his forehead and held his face in both her hands. It had the same delicate contour as her own, and her

fine eyes looked into eyes of even greater depth and lustre, but the face wanted her warm colour, and the sensitive mouth was marked with lines of suffering. However, they were only lines of suffering, not of discontent or selfishness, and there was a happy sweetness to his voice as he laughed: "And you, ma belle? But I needn't ask, you grow prettier every day, and I know you've got the medal. I was sure of that! Where is it?"

With a glad smile Marceline drew the precious prize from her bosom and handed it to the expectant Octave. "Oh, Marceline!" he cried in his joy, as he drew the full softness of her olive cheek close to his; and when the mother entered to find them both admiring the golden guerdon, she, in turn, said softly, as she caught the girl's upward glance: "Es tu contente, fillette?" at which Octave laughed merrily and the happy mother failed to note Marceline's silence.

That night Marceline knelt before the little crucifix over her bed and prayed as she had only learned to pray during the past year. It was a pitiful prayer for patience, for resignation, and for courage, with all the weakness

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of a dearly cherished desire welling up through her appeal.

During her last year at the convent her dream had been to enter the community. Not through any conscious spirit of self-sacrifice: her character was too devoutly fervent to realize any personal merit in such a consecration of her life.

She had never considered the possibility of any opposition until near the end of the year when she had spoken of her desire to the Mother Superior, who, to her surprise, reminded her that there were earthly duties as well as spiritual. Her mother, on whose care her crippled brother Octave was entirely dependent, was no longer a young woman. She must be sure she was not forsaking an evident duty before her in taking such a step, and, above all, she must consult with the Abbé Marsolet when next he visited the convent.

It was a new light for the girl. She herself had been so constantly cared for that she had never realized the responsibilities of life must some day present themselves before her, when she would be called upon to accept or reject them. And, as she thought her position

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over, she dimly realized that perhaps her present action might prove her decision.

Le père Marsolet, a priest of wide sympathies and great experience, found Marceline strangely troubled and perplexed. How could she be wrong in such a desire? Had not Christ himself said: "He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me?" Would He not care for her mother and brother? Could the consecration of her life to His service be a mistake?

Thereupon the abbé pointed out her clear line of duty with an authority which the Mother Superior had not assumed: "My child, God calls upon us all to pray alike, but He calls on each one to work in different ways, and in so far as we rebel and try to work in ways of our own choosing, just in so far are we wrong, and in so far will our work be fruitless.

"Be thankful that you have no doubt as to your course. Be sure also that you can serve God no more effectually here in the Convent of Saint-Pierre than in your own home at Sainte-Philomène. He will call you back here in His own time if your service be needed, but

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to-day He calls you to the side of your mother and brother.

“ Humanly speaking, your time of probation cannot be long; although that is a side from which I would be sorry for you to look for any comfort—but, long or short, never allow yourself to think that the true service of God is confined within any particular spot or to any outward form and manner of life; and, in accepting this service, remember you are not making a spiritual sacrifice any more than you would be in following the desire of your heart by remaining here.”

Then followed his words of kindly human comfort and encouragement; and Marceline knew the truth of it all and accepted it, but that night, the first of her new life, she cried herself asleep beside her bed in the moonlight before the crucifix on the white wall of her chamber.

The next morning the new life began, and Marceline filled her place in the little household as if she had never dreamed of a different future. The first bitterness had passed in that lonely vigil, and as the time went on all such feeling died out absolutely.

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She assumed the entire charge of her brother, who improved steadily under her unceasing care. While she had been absent at the convent the boy found such pleasure as he might with older people. Country lads have too many occupations and too little sympathy for any companionship with a boy like Octave, whom they rather despised on account of his infirmity, their only recognition of his existence being a jeering call as they passed his window. Thus cut off from those of his own age he developed only the graver side of his nature, and was in danger of losing much of the generous qualities of youth. With returning health came a gracious expansion of his being; his world began to unfold new beauties and hold forth new possibilities under the sunshine of Marceline's bright companionship.

Her ambition had been too thoroughly aroused by her success to make her willing to settle down to a mere routine of house-work and nursing; her care of Octave must go beyond faithful devotion to his comfort or amusement, and being a bright, intelligent boy he responded readily to her effort. They were both passionately fond of reading, and together

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they eagerly devoured the books she had brought home and such as they could borrow from the Curé and Maître Cabazier, the Notary.

Maître Cabazier, an old bachelor, had known both brother and sister from their birth; and his nephew Philippe, whom he had brought up, had been Marceline's constant playmate before they separated for school and convent. Philippe had done brilliantly at college and was now making his way as an advocate in the city, and the lonely old man had turned for consolation to the lonely cripple, Octave Legendre.

Octave's whimsical, old-fashioned talk was a rest to him, he declared, after a day's hard work; and, with an old man's quiet amusement in little things, he developed the boy's powers in this direction to an unusual degree. He admired his innate quickness of judgment, and took a delight in discussing and expounding curious or difficult points of practice to the boy, who comprehended all the intricacies of "family" law with the intuition of his race.

Upon Marceline's return he took an active interest in her efforts with Octave, and was especially pleased at his progress in writing, for the boy rapidly acquired a modified form

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of Marceline's pretty Italian hand, in which they both took great pleasure and practised assiduously.

Octave had at times discussed with him the possibility of turning his natural dexterity of hand to some account, and regretted there was no opportunity in their little village for the trade of a watchmaker, but to this the old man replied triumphantly: "Writing! my son, writing; stick to that! Look at me! With my pen I make secure what others win by their arms; I write men into their marriages, into their homes, and, last of all"—he laughed—"into their graves."

One night when Marceline produced with pride a most creditable specimen of his progress, the Notary exclaimed, vigorously: "Eh, mon vieux! there is your trade at your finger-ends! No more watchmaking or nonsense of that sort! Voyons! I am an old man now, and killed with copying out my actes, a work I detest. Are you too lazy to help an old idler, or will you be ready to copy out a contrat de mariage for me in the morning? I won't pay much, mind! and every mistake will take off so much of the pay. Come!"

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Marceline's eyes were full of grateful tears, and that night the brother and sister saw a new world full of promise opening before them.

Ah, Maître Cabazier, you may well double up your kindly hands under your cloak and smile and talk to yourself on your way home, for a kindlier act you have never done in your long, honourable life!

The copying was entirely successful, but a week or so later Maître Cabazier began to growl: "This won't do at all, Marceline! I can't have Octave wasting his time in simply copying. Then, I have no control over him, and the first thing I know he may be blabbing my secrets to the first person he meets. No! no! If I am to make any use of him, I must be his patron, and then I will know where I am."

Maître Cabazier his patron? Why, that meant that in five short years Octave might be a notary himself, provided he knew his Pothier and Coûtume de Paris. And why not? So there was great rejoicing in the family the day Maître Cabazier appeared with his confrère Maître Normandin, and he with Ma-

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dame Legendre and Octave affixed their signatures to the brevet de clericature.

Then time went on apace. Marceline's hands were full between her household duties and her work with Octave. She read aloud the deeds as he copied, they compared them together, and she did all the running to and fro between the house and the office of the old Notary. Together they bravely attacked the stout quartos which contain the wisdom and subtlety of the famous Pothier, revered of notaries, and hand-in-hand they treaded the devious labyrinth of the *Coutume de Paris*. Never had Marceline been so busy or so happy, and her letters to the Mother Superior and her friend la Sœur Ste. Thérèse were full of content with her lot.

The old Notary laughed at their eagerness, and as often examined Marceline as Octave. He invented problems and eases for their solving. He seldom entered the house without some legal puzzle to unravel, and when Philippe came home for his rare holiday one New Year's, he brought him with pride to renew his boyish friendship with Marceline, whom he introduced as "la plus parfaite notairesse du pays."

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Octave fulfilled his time with Maître Cabazier, and eventually succeeded to his greffe and practice.

There were, of course, certain outside duties which he could not undertake, but he acquired such a reputation for probity and skill throughout the country that on market days the little house was full of waiting clients from morning till night.

His kindly patron seldom moved abroad now, but Octave's success was a constant pleasure to him, as were Marceline's daily visits and frequent consultations on knotty points, to the unravelling of which he readily lent all his experience and knowledge.

His experiment had been entirely successful, but there was another possibility which he long hesitated to put to the touch, until one summer morning, when Marceline was about leaving, he took his courage in both hands and said:

“Just one moment, my child. Sit down and listen patiently for a little to an old man whose affection must be his excuse if it has led him astray.”

There was an unusual tenderness in his tone,

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which caused Marcelline to look keenly at his strong, venerable face. She marked how it had lost all its harder traits in the quiet peacefulness of these later years, and was surprised at an almost timid entreaty in the clear brown eyes which appealed to her with all the force of unwonted emotion in a strong nature.

“Marcelline,” he continued, “you know without my telling you what I think of Philippe. He is a good boy, a man now; he has never disappointed me in anything, and to-day, when I see him gaining an honourable position by his own exertion, my heart cries out that he is not even nearer to me than he is. You know what he was as a child—a heart of gold. To this his years have only added wisdom and virtue, and success has taken away nothing. Still, he is a young man, only at the beginning of life, and I have seen men, as full of promise as he, lose all that seemed secure within their grasp”—he paused for a moment with a far-away look in his eyes as if he again saw the course of the wrecked lives that had set forth with such hopes, and when he roused himself he went on with a yearning appeal—“Marcelline, my child, only a mother can know the anxiety with

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which I look forward to his future! Only a mother can realize what I would sacrifice for his sake!

“I am an old man now, even older than my years, for I am just upon the entrance to another world, and when I look back towards this, in which there may be so much happiness or so much misery, I am tempted to do what I can to secure the happiness of those I love.

“I have watched you and Octave since your mother bore you in her arms, and since Philippe has left, you have become a part of my life. Knowing this, you also know I could propose nothing which I did not believe was for your highest good—” Here the old man hesitated for a moment and looked at MarceLINE, whose face suddenly flamed with colour as she realized his thought. Her visible emotion might be open to a favourable interpretation, but with a tightening pain at his heart he recognized no answering light in her eyes, which looked into his honestly, pityingly, but without response.

Still, he was pleading the cause of another, and he continued slowly, watching her face carefully as he spoke: “I have seen you grow

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from child into woman, Marceline, and I know what a blessing such a woman may be to any man worthy—such a man—as I know—Philippe—" the words came slower and slower, for it seemed as if Marceline were somehow apart, removed from the appeal, even of one so entitled to a hearing as himself, and the faltering words ceased, as her hand stole unconsciously to the little golden cross on her breast.

It was her answer.

He said nothing further, and a moment later picked up his book and pretended he was alone, whereupon she arose and, without a word, passed out into the sunlight of the narrow street.

Madame Legendre died full of years and content; Marceline grew from womanhood into old age, the black hair became silvery, the olive cheek lost its roundness and its tinge of red; but Octave, the fragile cripple, whose days seemed measured forty years before, held on his useful, busy career, sheltered from the storms and temptations of life by reason of his very weakness.

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Although he was esteemed a wealthy man, the brother and sister lived on in the same simple, frugal manner in which they had been brought up. Neither of them had ever been beyond the limits of Ste. Philomène since Marceline's return from the convent; for Octave it was an impossibility, and her place was by his side.

Her interest in the convent never ceased; the community had removed from St. Pierre to the city, but her old friend, la sœur Ste. Thérèse, faithfully kept up her monthly letter, and every change was known to Marceline, who had long proved the truth of the Abbé Marsolet's words, and was spiritually as much a member of her beloved community within the walls of her home as if she had worn coif and gown within the convent.

She felt it would be wrong to lock up the dreamings of her heart from Octave—in fact, it would have been impossible in the intimacy of their relations; so they talked openly and freely of her dream, and if regret existed it was only expressed by him.

Yet at times, in the quiet of the summer afternoon, as Marceline sat knitting behind the

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screen of geranium plants in the front window, when there was no sound save the buzz of flies on the pane, a vision of the white interior and the unpainted wood-work of the humble convent would come back, the brave, tireless hands would sink in quiet on her lap, and the gray-haired woman was a girl again beside her dear sœur Ste. Thérèse in the colourless purity of her early life.

At last the day came which the abbé had foretold; Octave and she had lived an absolutely uninterrupted life of fifty years together since the day she had left the convent and placed her golden prize in his hands; he had amply repaid every sacrifice she had made, for their lives had been one, every effort had been undertaken together, and every success had brought a common joy.

He passed away as quietly as he had lived, and when she followed his body into the church, which he had never entered save in his godmother's arms on the day of his christening, her heart was as full of thankfulness as of sorrow.

She was wealthy, enormously so in the opin-

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ion of her neighbours, and the remainder of her life might be passed in comfort and good works. But the dream of the girl of sixteen was still that of the woman of sixty-six, and as soon as she had set her affairs in order she turned her face towards the city, to be welcomed at the convent door by her friend, la sœur Ste. Thérèse.

That night the nun heard a low sound of weeping in the adjoining room, and, entering softly, she found Marceline on her knees.

“ My child ! my child !” whispered the elder woman, tenderly, as she sank on the floor beside her, with her trembling hand proteetingly on the thin gray hair which she had not touched since it shone black and luxuriant, the glory of the first gold medallist of the convent fifty years before.

At her touch Marceline leaned close to her as if she were a girl again : “ Ah, ma sœur ! I bring nothing now ! Then—I had beauty, and it has gone ! I had youth, and it has fled ! They said I had talent, and it has died ! And now—I come with nothing but a few years of life and some worthless gold. Ma sœur, ma

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sœur! if it only could have been fifty years ago!"

The protecting hand gently stroked the silver hair and smoothed the wrinkled cheek, and, soothingly, as a mother comforts her child, she whispered the loving assurance: "No, no, my sister! You have brought what is better than all else—the beauty of a perfect life and the riches of a heart that has held nothing higher than the love of God"—and the two women kissed each other in the silence of the night.

MON ROCHEUR

MON ROCHER

THERE was a heavy bank of fog lying low over the sullen waters of the Saguenay as we left the western side to cross the river and descend the other shore with the full force of the current. Before we reached the middle of the stream the fog was sweeping across in belts so thick that at times we could only dimly see the almost immovable figure of Xavier, the metis, seated high in the stern of our canoe, but these, in turn, were quickly blown away as we steadily advanced. The wind was beginning to make its voice heard above the rush of the river, and it was fast growing unpleasantly dark, but we kept on our way, watching with a comforting sense of protection the impassive face of the half-breed, confident in his skill and knowledge of every possible danger. Yet it was a relief when we saw him give a backward stroke, and the

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canoeswung with her bow up-stream, and barely touched the shore before he was in the water, steadyng her with one hand and helping us out with the other. No explanation was needed: the rising wind and gathering gloom brought the message of the coming storm, and Xavier was no waster of words. As he lifted the canoe lightly into safety, we looked about us to find that we were on a narrow strip of green, shut in between the black river we had crossed and the stunted growth of juniper and fir along the bottom of an almost perpendicular cliff, which rose black and forbidding to its overhanging crown of green above.

Our rising feeling of isolation was quieted, however, by the unexpected sight of a little whitewashed cottage, with its surrounding garden nestling close under the foot of the mighty rock, not more than two hundred yards away.

In glad surprise we shook out our rumpled skirts and hurried towards it. We passed through the little whitewashed gate and up the garden path, between the geraniums, phlox, sweet-williams, and other old-fashioned flowers, to receive a hearty welcome at the open

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door from the mistress of the house. With our knowledge of that generous hospitality which makes every Canadian house a shelter to the traveller in time of need, we entered the usual living-room, with its well-scrubbed floor partially hidden by the pieces of catalogue, the reds and yellows in which made cheerful contrast to the dark blue of the wainscot and to the whitewashed walls; the usual three-storied stove stood high in the centre, with its short black lengths of pipe reaching across to the square chimney jutting well out into the room, flanked by wooden cupboards in each angle, its great square hearth, with its ample, clean-swept stone, yawning below. A deal table with blue legs and a top rubbed and used into a satiny smoothness stood by one of the low square windows, and six straight-legged, narrow-backed chairs with seats of netted deer sinew balanced themselves against the blue line of the garde-mur. Over the fireplace was a small coloured print of St. Anne, which, with a black wooden crucifix adorned with a few bunches of sweet-smelling pine, were the only attempts at ornament. The partitions separated us from the bed-

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room and pantry; we knew that overhead was the high, unfinished garret which insured coolness in summer and safe-keeping for such provisions as would not be injured by frost in winter—a typical specimen of the better class of Canadian house in that part of the country.

Our hostess was a fine specimen of woman-kind. Her straight, active figure was shown to advantage in her plain gray skirt of homespun, which fell without fold or plait to her ankles, and in the simple mantelet of white linen. All this was as thoroughly home-like and Canadian as her surroundings, but her fair pale face, with her blue eyes and almost auburn hair, were of so pronounced a Scotch type, that I spoke to her in English on entering, but she had only smiled and apologized for her ignorance of the language. Her voice and accent showed unusual cultivation. Her face was marked by a gentle, thoughtful gravity, almost sadness, but differing altogether from that resigned apathy which so often hardens the faces of country people into expressionless masks, as if the unending round of monotonous work had crushed all emotion.

MON ROCHE

By this time Xavier was smoking beside the low fire which our hostess had rekindled upon the hearth, and we were seated with her at the table, now covered with her best linen, drinking green tea sweetened with maple sugar, and eating rye-bread redeemed by perfect butter, in a sudden but natural intimacy born of our isolation.

“Misère, madame! Have you always lived here?” asked Louise, as a heavy peal of thunder perceptibly shook the cottage, and growled and boomed as it died away down the course of the savage river.

“Oh, no! I am from la Mal Baie,” she answered, with a quiet smile.

Here, then, was the explanation of the fair face and foreign air. She might be a Tremblay, or a Pelletier, or a Chouinard, but back of that we knew there was a Fraser, or a Warren, or a Murray, the blue of whose Scottish eyes shone once more in this distant descendant. It was very plain. Where could a woman acquire that soldierly bearing and lightness of step save from the grandfather or great-grandfather who had looked into the French muzzles behind Frederick at Ross-

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bach, and had scaled the heights behind Wolfe at Quebec.

“La Mal Baie,” she repeated, slowly, “and then I never thought to pass my life here. But can we ever tell?” She rested her elbow on the table, and with her face on her hand gazed silently out of the window on the darkening storm, then, after a little pause, as if it were a relief to speak, she continued in a low voice: “Poor papa! he had planned something very fine for us girls. You see, we were four with André, and papa was rich. But he was hard, too, and went the worst way about his plans, as he did about his family.

“We never grew up for him, so he treated us all as children. Things grew harder every day, until André left home for Quebec, two years sooner than we had hoped, and the burden fell on us.

“He was better to me, perhaps, than any of the others, for he was proud of the prizes I brought home every summer from the convent; but when the Sisters praised my work and my progress, he grew suspicious that they wished to make me a nun, and this because of his money. However, I put an end to *that*

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by my promise that I would never enter a convent. My word was always sufficient for him; we at least had that in common, so I was allowed to finish my studies in peace. To tell the truth I never had the slightest idea of convent life. I cannot bear the staring whiteness of the walls, the close, religious smell, and the stillness, that is so different to me from quiet. I hardly look like a nun, even yet, do I?

“ Well, the convent days were over at last and I went home, but it was only going back to the old life.

“ There were faults on our side, too, no doubt, and perhaps all might have been straightened out if we only could have talked it over, but a girl cannot reason with her father when he will never listen, and never look on her but as a child.

“ Poor papa! Since I have lived alone I can guess something of what he suffered too, but then I could only see my own side.

“ At last I persuaded him to let me take the school at Ste. Irénée, and I was glad to be out of the never-ending discussion ; but even distance did not bring peace, and then—well,

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it came to a question between us two. He would not reason, only command, and I was as proud as he, and I kept on the road I had chosen—and it has led me here."

She broke the silence which followed by a laughing comment on her stupidity for not noticing how dark it had grown, and exchanged a few kindly words with the taciturn Xavier as she lighted the lamp and again sat down by us to await the passing of the storm.

"Has this place any name?" I asked.

"Mais, oui, madame, Ste. Anne."

"But there are so many Ste. Annes," laughed Louise. "La Bonne Ste. Anne, Ste. Anne des Monts, Ste. Anne du Bout de l'Isle, Ste. Anne de la Perade, Ste. Anne de çi, Ste. Anne de ça, and again Ste. Anne, Ste. Anne, Ste. Anne without any end. Why in the world didn't they give it some other name? Surely they needn't always stick by the calendar?"

"Oh, well! It is not a bad name after all. They are safer too when they stick by the saints, or else they tumble into a Sault aux Cochons, or something worse."

Here there was a warning grunt from the

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listening Xavier, who evidently did not approve of the turn our talk was taking.

"Il cré à tout ça, vous savez," she apologized, dropping at once into the broadest vernacular. Then, as if to make up for any lightness, she told of a Belgian priest whom she had heard preaching at Ste. Anne de Beaupré, "la Bonne Ste. Anne," while on a pilgrimage during the previous summer. "He told us how there was once a poor woman, very tired and in great trouble, who came with her little boy to ask help from la sainte vierge, and as she prayed before the Mother and the Child, her little one grew tired and restless and pulled at her skirt, and cried to be taken home, so that the poor woman could not make her vows as her heart desired.

"So she said, 'O most Holy Virgin, Thou too art a mother, and knowest what children are. I have much to ask yet. Wilt Thou not let Thy little one come down and play with my Jean until I can tell Thee all my pain?'

"Her child ceased his troubling, and when she had finished her prayers, she looked beside her, and there were the two children silent together, and she was afraid, for she could not

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tell her Jean from the infant Jesus. But she felt that the Virgin would know, and the little Jesus would answer the voice of His Mother. So she prayed Her to call Her own, and even as she prayed, the little Jesus flew to His place in His Mother's arms, and the poor woman went home with her child, leaving all her pain safe in the keeping of *la bonne sainte vierge*."

Xavier sighed with evident satisfaction when the story ended. The darkness had now passed, and the lamp had paled in the glory of the evening.

We all rose, and gathering up our things passed out into the little rain-swept garden; its sloping beds were cut by deep furrows, but every flower shone glorious and refreshed after the storm.

When we reached the gate we turned and looked back at the towering mass of rock, still wet and glistening, its every cleft and cranny filled with brilliant fern and moss. These, with the white cottage at its foot, added to its sombre depth of colour, and the suggestion of human life in such close touch with the immensity of nature strongly increased the sense of its awful grandeur.

MON ROCHER

Louise half shuddered as she exclaimed,
“What a terrible rock!”

“Ah, mon rocher!” said our hostess, and her voice was tender, almost reverential, as she spoke, “My Rock,” and then a little pause. “Madame,” she resumed, quietly, “do you know what it is to have something ever beside you to look up to?—I am never greater than My Rock.

“It shelters me from the storm in winter and from the heat in summer. It provides food for my cow and my sheep, it gives wood for my kitchen, and I know every step of its path by day or night. From its top I can look out on all I lived in once, but at its foot I am always in peace. Ah, mon rocher! No one can know what it has been to me.”

The canoe was lifted back into the river once more, and Xavier patiently awaited our coming.

With grateful farewells we left our fair-haired, blue-eyed friend on the shore, and, as we sped down the rapid current, we carried with us something of the peace we had found in that humble cottage under the shadow of the mighty rock.

THE INDISCRETION OF GROSSE
BOULE

THE INDISCRETION OF GROSSE BOULE

OLD Ozias Vadeboncœur was rich; he was also respectable, and for years had held office as churchwarden, one of the “anciens marguilliers,” of his native parish of Ste. Madeleine de Fontarabie. In early youth he had been looked up to by the daughters and sought after by their mothers as the most desirable “parti” among all the young farmers of the parish, but had kept his freedom and figured as “le beau cavalier,” until at length captured by the masterful graces of Demoiselle Petronille Deschambault, who, during their thirty years of married life, had not only held his wayward fancies in check, but sternly discouraged any allusion to what old Ozias fondly imagined had been a “jeunesse orageuse.”

He had every reason to be happy: Petronille

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was capable and managing, he was a wealthier man now than his father ever had been; that he was as illiterate and as credulous was no drawback in his eyes. Thanks to the rigid rule of his wife his vagrom fancies had never taken form sufficient to awaken the breath of scandal against his fair fame, which, having been built up about him by his wife's unceasing watchfulness, had now become the object of his own most jealous solicitude.

Young Ozias, the one late blossom of this respectable union, was now about twenty-two. He had inherited his father's good looks, much of his easy-going, pleasure-loving disposition, but, alas! under the stern, almost Puritanical, rule of his mother he dared give but little more expression to his natural bent than did his father. Consequently, when young Ozias returned for his yearly vacation from the College of St. Mathias, where all the youth of Ste. Madeleine de Fontarabie were educated, he confessed none of his peccadilloes, not even the most innocent, to either father or mother, and least of all did he ever breathe a word of the longing which consumed him to see somewhat of the Great World. That would have

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alarmed even his father; *he* knew what a monstrous wicked place it was, and a scandal, even in another generation—Heaven forbid!

So Ozias, like a good, wise, and patient son, sat by the fireplace and bided his time.

His waiting brought him this. He was accustomed every Saturday night to read aloud to his parents such news of the outer world as the editor of *La Sentinelle de Fontarabie* held would interest the subscribers to his weekly paper. Next to the local items, “Les Faits Divers,” which naturally held their attention first, came the local politics, and then any miscellaneous padding; as for the foreign intelligence, it was not intelligible at all—at least, to the household of Ozias Vadeboncœur.

One night, as he was reading to his father—poor Madame Petronille was confined to bed with an obstinate rheumatism which had made her a prisoner for weeks—young Ozias came across an article telling of the marvellous results obtained by a man in New York as a dog-trainer. The article was sufficiently mendacious as it stood, but Ozias, who was always open to a humourous suggestion and took delight in testing his father’s credulity to the

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utmost, was moved to embellish and round out the tale until the canine education was completed by the mastery of human speech.

The old man said nothing, not even expressing surprise when the climax was reached, and Ozias feared that for once he had pushed audacity too far and his coup had failed. He glanced apprehensively at his father and saw him staring at the bright damper-hole of the stove, smoking, with hard, sharp "poufs" from his tightly closed lips. The old man was thinking. Suddenly he asked Ozias to read the article over once more.

Ozias, enkindled by unexpected success, began anew, and if he altered in any particular from his first performance he was too true an artist to fall into further exaggeration.

And now the story is told in broken English. Why, is not perfectly clear—but this is a matter of history :

Den de ol' man say to Ozias : "Ozias, w'at you t'ink of all dose?"

An' Ozias, 'e say : "Fadder, I t'ink dat's a smart feller, an' no mistake."

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An' de fadder say: "You 'spose dat's all true? Pas de blague?"

An' Ozias, 'e say: "If 'e's on de paper, 'e mus' be true. Me, I'll jus' as soon b'lieve nodding, as not b'lieve w'at's on de paper. If dat's on de paper, 'e mus' be true!"

You see 'ow Ozias fool de ol' man?

Well, de ol' man say nodding more dat night; 'e jus' fix up de fire, knock out 'is pipe, an' pick up 'is can'le, an' 'e go off for bed. An' Ozias sit dere for little w'ile, an' 'e t'ink w'at a fine joke 'e was put on de ol' man, an' 'ow 'e was make everybody laugh w'en 'e tell 'is blague. But Ozias 'e never was tell dat joke like 'e t'ink; for de nex' day de ol' man was take 'im on one side, an' 'e say: "Ozias, I s'pose dat man was make plenty money wid learn de dog for speak, hein? 'Ow much you s'pose 'e charge?"

"Oh, I dunno, fadder," Ozias say; "p'r'aps we see some more on de paper nex' week. W'at for you wan' to know?"

"Well, I was say to myself: 's'pose now 'e 'ave de good dog, not one of dose little, curly-tail, yellow feller, but one good, big, sensible dog—like our Grosse Boule,—eh, Ozias?"

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“ Eh, fadder ?”

“ Yes, Ozias !”

“ W’at !”

“ Yes.”

“ An’ learn ‘im for speak ?”

“ Yes !”

“ An’ make money wid ‘im ?”

“ Yes ! Yes !”

“ Fadder ! You’re de mos’ clever man I ever see ! Fadder, you give me de money, an’ I go on New York myself wid Grosse Boule, an’ I stay dere wid ‘im till de man learn ‘im for speak, I don’ care ‘ow long dat take.”

Well, dat ol’ fool ‘e was so please wid de non-sense ‘e make wid dose story, dat ‘e don’ care for M’mé Petronille—de poor woman can’ stir on ’er bed, or nodding like dat don’ ‘appen—an’ Ozias ‘ave de price for de lesson all fix up by de nex’ week, an’ not more nor four, five days after ‘e was start off wid Grosse Boule, an’ de ol’ man was fix up wid M’mé Petronille de bes’ ‘e was able, an’ ‘e sit dere an’ ‘e count de money ‘e was make w’en Ozias was come back wid Grosse Boule.

Ozias ‘e was not able for write much ‘ow Grosse Boule was learn, for de ol’ man don’

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read any, an' de letter was all read to 'im by Marie-Rose-Delima Paquet, w'at was stay on de 'ouse w'en M'me Petronille was sick—an' so Ozias 'e jus' say : "Everyt'ing is go for de bes'"; or p'r'aps e' say, "I am work at dat business all de time," or somet'ing like dat, an' de ol' man was satisfy, an' Delima she can' understand' w'y 'e make 'er read dose part many time.

But, bymby, 'e get tire' for send Ozias so much money; p'r'aps dat's more nor two mont's 'e was away now, an' at de las' 'e make Delima write for Ozias to come 'ome, right away. So she write, an' I guess dat letter w'en 'e get it make Ozias more busy nor 'e ever was wid Grosse Boule! But 'e mus' come 'ome; 'e know 'e ean' fool de ol' man no longer. So 'e start.

De ol' man was drive down on de wharf for meet de Montréal boat, an' de firs' person Ozias was see w'en 'e walk down de gang-plank was 'is fadder—an' de very firs' word de ol' man say w'en 'e meet 'im was: "W'ere's Grosse Boule?"

Ozias say ver' quick: "Don' say nodding, fadder! Wait till we was on de charette."

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An' de ol' man don' say nodding. An' dey climb in on de charette an' start for 'ome.

Den de ol' man can' wait no longer, an' 'e hax some more : " Well, Ozias, w'ere's Grosse Boule ? "

An' den Ozias say : " Now, fadder, I'll tol' you. Well, me an' Grosse Boule go on New York like you know, an' we fin' dat man easy 'nough. An' dat man 'e look Grosse Boule all over, open 'is mout', feel 'is ches', an' 'e say 'e never was see no dog more better dan Grosse Boule for learn to speak. An' 'e hax w'at way 'e'll learn 'im for speak — French way, English way ? An' I'll tell 'im right off, 'Never min' de English way, you learn dat dog de French way ; my ol' fadder 'e not talk no English an' I don' wan' dat dog for say nodding my ol' fadder not understan'. You see, fadder, s'pose I 'ave to go 'way from 'ome sometime, I wan' dat dog so's you'll speak wid 'im jus' like wid me."

An' de ol' man was so please wid dat foolishness he put 'es 'an' on Ozias knee an' give 'im little squeeze.

" Well, fadder, jus' so soon's dat man know w'at I want 'e start, an' we all begin for work.

INDISCRETION OF GROSSE BOULE

Every day Grosse Boule an' me was dere at seven-a-clock, an' we work widout never stop till dinner. An' all de afternoon I was make Grosse Boule study de lesson dat man make 'im on de morning. Bagosh! every night we was so tire', we go to sleep so soon 's we eat our supper. Never nodding but dat, every day an' de 'ole day long. But Grosse Boule 'e know w'at was expect of 'im, an' 'e never say nodding; jus' work, work, work, till 'e make me tire' for look at 'im. An' sometime w'en I say, 'Grosse Boule, come on! Let's go on de street an' see de girl!' I jus' say dat for fun, fadder, you know, jus' for see w'at 'e say. 'E look on me wid 'is fore'ead all wrinkle up an' 'e say: 'Ozias, I'm 'shame' on you! W'at Ma'am Petronille say for 'ear you talk like dose? Go on by yourself! Me, I don' spen' de ol' man's money wid no foolishness like dat!"—an' 'e open 'is book an' 'e begin on 'is lesson some more."

An' den dat ol' fool of a fadder was please some more, an' 'e hax: "Grosse Boule was read on 'is book?"

An' dat effronté Ozias, 'e say: "Oh yes, fadder! Dat was de greatest pity w'at you

I N O L D F R A N C E A N D N E W

hax me for come 'ome. Grosse Boule 'e was jus' begin for read 'is book good de las' week, an' we was jus' go to begin 'im on de newspaper. But never min'!

"Well, w'en I read de letter Delima was write to come 'ome, Grosse Boule 'e was cry. W'en 'e say good-bye to dat man, dat man 'e say : 'Cheer up, Grosse Boule ! You be good dog, an' you make much pleasurement for de ol' man w'en you get 'ome.'

"Well, den, me an' Grosse Boule we start for 'ome, an' nobody catch me say one word wid 'im all de way. Sometime somebody pat 'is 'ead an' hax me w'at kin' of dog 'e was, an' talk much about 'im ; an' no matter w'at dey was say, Grosse Boule never say nodding, 'cept sometime 'e wink at me an' I'll near split myself I'll want so much for laugh.

"Bymby we get on Montréal, an' I go down on de boat, an' we start at seven-a-clock; an' w'en de supper-bell ring I say to Grosse Boule: 'Now, Grosse Boule, you stay qui't 'ere an' I'll bring you somet'ing on my pocket for eat w'en I come back.'

"Den I go an' eat my supper, an' I come back wid plenty in my pocket, an' we sit on

INDISCRETION OF GROSSE BOULE

de dark corner, an' after 'e was satisfy I say :
‘ Well, Grosse Boule, I’m glad get ‘ome, me ? ’

“ ‘ Me too ! ’ e say.

“ Den I say : ‘ Who you’re de mos’ lonesome
for all de time we was away, Grosse Boule ? ’

“ Den ’e say : ‘ Me ? I’m de mos’ lonesome
for de ol’ man.’

“ Fadder, w’en Grosse Boule say dat, I was
glad. Dat show me de dog ‘ave de good ‘eart,
like you was always say.

“ I was so please, fadder, I hax ‘im some
more : ‘ W’at for you was so lonesome for de
ol’ man, Grosse Boule ? ’

“ An ’e say : ‘ Oh ! de ol’ man make me
plenty joke very often.’

“ W’en ’e say dat, I was wonder. I never
’ear you make no joke wid Grosse Boule, an’
I’m not sure w’at ’e mean. So I say : ‘ ’Ow
was dat, Grosse Boule ? W’at joke my fadder
was make wid you ? ’

“ An’ den, fadder, ’e say : ‘ Ozias, you re-
member w’en de modder was lay up wid de
rheumatism ? ’

“ ‘ Yes.’

“ ‘ An’ we get Delima for come an’ do de
’ouse ? ’

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

“ ‘ Yes.’

“ ‘ Marie-Rose-Delima Paquet?’

“ ‘ Yes.’

“ ‘ Well, many’s de night I lay be’ind de stove, an’ I laugh fit for split myself for ’ear de ol’ man talk foolish wid Delima! Ho! ho! ho! I tol’ you, Ozias, dat was de bes’ joke de ol’ man ever make on all ’is life! Cré baptême!’

“ An’, fadder, w’en I ’ear Grosse Boule, w’at you trus’ so much, say dose lie, I was so mad I forget about all de money we was spen’ on ’im, an’ I jus’ get up, an’ I take ’im by de t’roat, an’ I t’row ’im on de river!”

An’ den de ol’ man give ’imself little shake, an’ ’e say: “ Ozias, my son, you done right!”

MON COMPÈRE MELCHIOR

DE LITTLE MODDER

LA MESSE DE MINUIT

MALOUIN

JOHNNY RAWSON

P'TI BAROUETTE

LA CABANE

MARIE

D E L I T T L E M O D D E R

DE LITTLE MODDER

DE ol' Zacharie Daoust, w'at was marry wid la tante Lisa, 'e say dat de little Josephte was de bigges' little woman w'at ever 'e was know—an' dat was my modder.

W'en Mam'zelle Laure was born, an' Madame de Bercy was die two day after, dat was for my gran'modder w'at M'sieu' Georges sen'; an' because she was de ol' servant an' de ol' frien' wid de family, she was go up to de manoir wid 'er little Josephte on 'er arm de minute de news of de trouble was come.

So de gran'modder was bring up dose two baby togedder, an' M'sieu' Georges 'e was glad for 'ave de Little Modder dere for play wid Mam'zelle.

But bymby after w'ile, Mam'zelle was grow up, an' de time was come w'en she mus' go on de convent; an' w'en she's go, de gran'modder

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

was sen' 'er little Josephte for live wid la tante Lisa on de village; but every summer she go back on de manoir for live wid Mam'zelle Laure, an' wait on 'er w'en she's 'ome.

De Little Modder she was grow up all dat time too; an' she was grow up ver' pretty girl, everybody say dat w'at know 'er on dose time, an' *I'll t'ink* she was keep pretty ever sence; but she don' 'ave no cavalier, like de odder girl—she jus' keep wid 'erself, an' Mam'zelle, an' La Tante.

Dere was de young Malouin, w'at was de son to de ol' Malouin w'at keep de 'otel, an' was de riches' man on Ste. Philomène—'e was bodder 'er plenty, but she jus' 'ate 'im, an' do all w'at she can for keep out 'is way. Nobody know w'y dat was. But all de time La Tante 'ave le p'ti' neveu call' Noël, w'at make 'er de visit every year, an' w'en de Little Modder was go for live wid 'er, de one visit bring de odder visit, an' de nex' visit bring some more, an' bymby, La Tante she laugh an' she say, “‘Ow dat was, Noël, you got so fon' de ol' tante?’” An' 'e laugh, an' de Little Modder she laugh, an' La Tante she laugh mos' of all, an' so 'e arrive dat de visit end on de weddin',

DE LITTLE MODDER

an' w'en dat come Mam'zelle Laure she was glad like de Little Modder 'erself. An' de fad-
der 'ave save de money, an' 'e buy de little
farm, an' 'e don' go 'way on de shanty some
more.

Soon after dat M'sieu' Georges was got ol'
ver' fas'; an', widout be sick, 'e was die one day
soon after Mam'zelle Laure was marry wid de
Anglisch Captain Lawless. An' de Captain 'e
lef' de army, an' 'im an' Mam'zelle live on de
manoir, an' everyt'ing look like 'e was go on
widout no more trouble an' no more change.

De Captain 'e was fine big man, w'at look
like de soldier all de time, 'cep' w'en 'e laugh
wid Mam'zelle; an' 'e 'ave de black 'air w'at
curl all roun' 'is 'ead, an' dere never was no-
body more 'appy wid 'is wife nor 'e was wid
Mam'zelle. 'E only t'ink for 'er, an' dey was
wid each odder de 'ole time, on de 'ouse an'
de outside too; an' de Little Modder was al-
ways say dey be togedder like dat so much
'cause no baby never come, an' dat was like
dey was all 'lone on de worl' by demself.

But de people on de village an' de habitants
dey don' like de Captain. Dat's not 'cause 'e

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

was English; dere was de odder English people w'at live on St. Eustache an' Terrebonne; but 'e can' speak wid de habitants like dose English w'at was always live on de country. An' 'cause 'e never was speak de French good dey begin for say 'e was proud; an' dat's de t'ing w'at de people w'at live on de country 'ate de mos' of all. But we don' see dat; 'e was always 'ave de kin' word for de Little Modder, an' 'e speak wid me, an' 'e laugh on my name, Melchior, an' sometime 'e give me de copper. But de people w'at don' see 'im, dey say 'e was proud, an' dat was not de trut', but 'e was bad for de Captain all de same.

An' dat summer dere was de talk begin, nobody know 'ow, dat de English was try to take all de farm from de habitants, an' dey was wan' for sen' all de French people out de country. An' de stranger come from Montréal an' from de State', some French an' some English, an' on de night de men all go down on de assemblée. An' de one w'at always speak de mos' wid every one, an' always come for tell de people for go on de assemblée, was de young Malouin.

DE LITTLE MODDER

An' de Little Modder, like all de res' de women, was not like dat, an' she tell de fadder 'ow de young Malouin was bad on de inside, no matter w'at 'e say, an' she try all she can for keep 'im on de 'ouse. But de young Malouin was make like 'e was big frien' wid de fadder, an' 'e tell 'im lies, an' 'e always got 'im on de assemblée. Den 'e lend 'im de monney w'at de Little Modder say dey don' wan', an' de fadder 'e give de hypothèque on de farm. No matter 'ow 'ard de Little Modder try, de young Malouin was more strong nor 'er, an' de fadder always go wid 'im—an' all de trouble come dat way.

All dat fall dere was nobody work on de fiel', only de women ; de men was always busy on somet'ing else ; an' more stranger was come t'rough de country, an' every night de assemblée was go on, sometime on de 'ouse, sometime on de barn, an' de talk grow more strong, an' never stop. An' dey say 'ow somet'ing will arrive soon, an' 'ow nobody will be poor no more, an' 'ow everybody will be boss like de English. An' on mos' every 'ouse dere was de new gun, or else de ole one was fix' up.

An' de young Malouin, dey was call' 'im

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

Captain now, all de time 'e was never lef' de fadder; an' de Little Modder slie don' try no more—she jus' 'ave to wait an' see w'at arrive.

One night de fadder was not come 'ome till de mornin', an' dere 'e fin' de Little Modder was wait for 'im, wid 'er face all w'ite, like she was get ol' on dose day an' night w'at go so fas', an' was long like de year too. An' w'en 'e see 'er face like dat, 'e kiss 'er, an' 'e say, "My poor Josephte, dat won' be long time now w'en I'll be wid you like before." An' 'e was so tire' 'e lie down on de bed, an' 'e go for sleep.

But 'e's not sleep ver' good, an' bymby 'e begin for speak somet'ing, an' I'll see de Little Modder get w'ite like she was w'en 'e come on de 'ouse, an' she say, "Melchior, go on de stable an' see ef de 'en was lay some egg"—an' I'll go.

An' dat day w'en 'e begin for get dark, de fadder put on 'es capot, an' 'e take down 'es gun, an' 'e not look on de modder, an' 'e don' say nodding; but w'en 'e pass on de door, 'e turn roun' an' 'e come back, an' 'e kiss 'er an' me—an' den e' go.

After w'ile de Little Modder she say,

DE LITTLE MODDER

“Come, Melchior, ’ere’s de supper;” an’ den
she fix me for bed, an’ I’ll say de prayer wid
’er, an’ de little song w’at I’ll be always say:

“Je mets ma confiance,
Vierge, en votre secours ;
Servez moi de défense ;
Prenez soin de mes jours.”

An’ she cover me up on de bed, an’ she kiss
me an’ kiss me, an’ tell me on de mornin’, ef
she not be dere, for go down on la tante Lisa
an’ wait for ’er, an’ she take ’er big blue cloak
—an’ she go too.

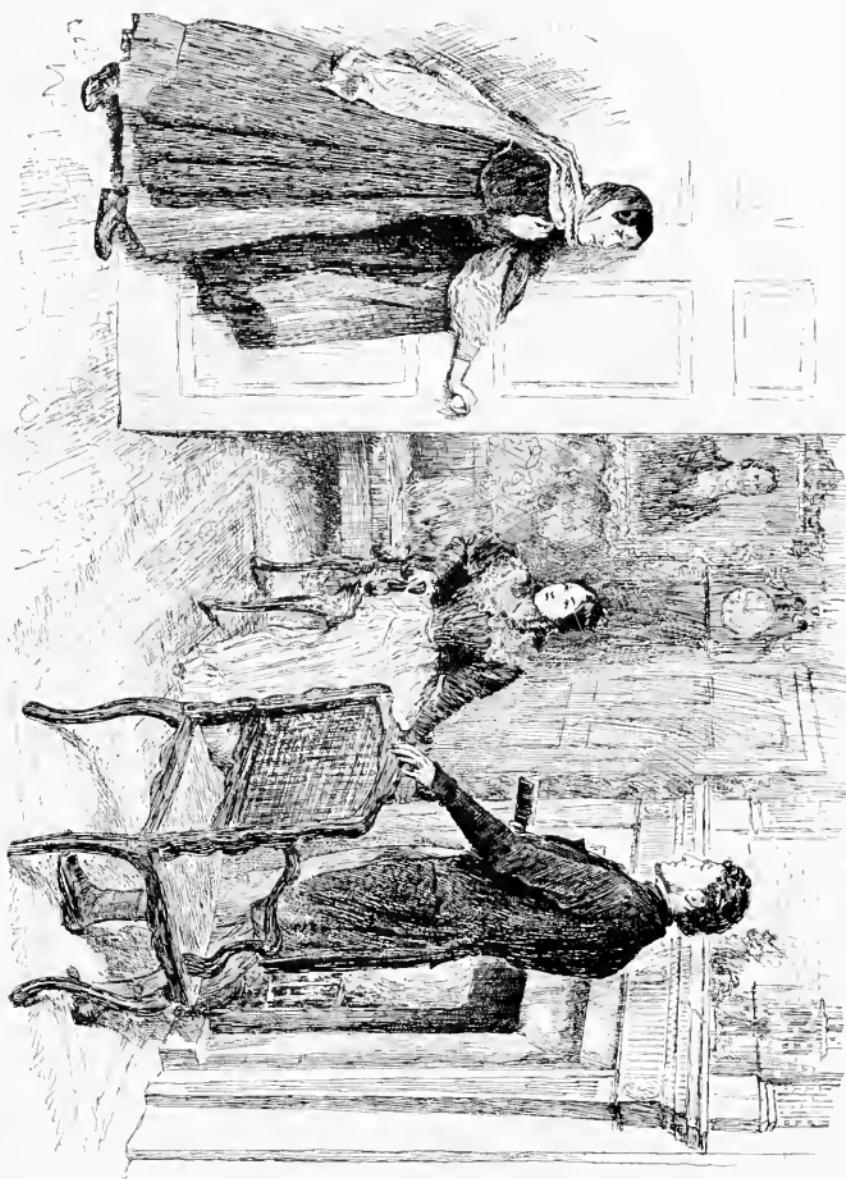
I’ll be mos’ eight year ol’ den, an’ I’ll not
be ’fraid, me; I’ll jus’ go for sleep.

An’ w’en I’ll sleep, de Little Modder was
go so fas’ she can on de manoir; an’ she was
not go by de road, but t’rough de fiel’, an’
’cause de firs’ snow was come she ‘ave to run
’long by de fence an’ be’in’ de bushes, an’
bymby she pass onder de big tree w’at go all
de way up on de front of de ’ouse. An’ she
open de door sof’, an’ she pass on de ’all wid-
out meet wid nobody, an’ she come on de big
room, an’ dere de Captain an’ Mam’zelle Laure
was sit on de fire, an’ ’e was read to ’er wid
de book on ’es ‘an’.

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

De Captain 'e jump up, but de Little Modder hol' up 'er 'an', an' she shut de door, an' she tell dem 'ow de people was come on de manoir dat night for get de gun an' de powder w'at dey say de Captain 'ave on de cellar. An' de Captain 'e laugh, an' 'e tell 'er she was de goose for be 'fraid wid dose story; but den she tell 'im 'ow she know, an w'at dey say 'bout 'im an' Mam'zelle, an' 'ow she was not meet wid any of de dog w'en she come up. An' den de Captain 'is face got black an' 'ard; but w'en Mam'zelle go over on 'im an' try an' put 'er 'an' roun' 'is neek, 'e pass 'is arm roun' 'er, like 'e 'old 'er safe, an' 'is face was sof' some more, an 'e say, "Josephte, you was de brave girl, an' I'll t'ank you for come."

An' den 'e take Mam'zelle on one side, an' 'e speak wid 'er long time, an' she cry, an' try for get 'im for change w'at 'e say, an' de Little Modder stan' dere, an' watch de needle on de cloek dat go on an' on, an' 'er 'eart jump every time w'en she 'ear de noise outside, an' she make de prayer dat Mam'zelle not be foolish, an' at de las' de Captain turn, an' 'e say, "Josephte, my wife mus' go on Montréal tonight. You will go wid her. Sen' Jaques to



AN' DERE WAS DE CAPTAIN AND MAM'ZUH LAURE

DE LITTLE MODDER

me, an' tell Charles to put de two 'orse on de little wagon."

But de Little Modder say, "Dat won' do, Captain. De road's not safe! De people always be out on de night now." Den she say 'ow ef 'e was trus' 'er wid Mam'zelle Laure, she 'ave de plan, an' she tell 'im w'at dat was.

Den dey all go on de bedroom, an' dere on de dark dey dress Mam'zelle wid de warm clo'es, an' over all dey put de long blue cloak, like de Little Modder, an' dey take somet'ing for h'eat, an' some wine, an' den de Captain open de window ver' quiet, an' 'e lif' Mam'zelle out, an' de Little Modder she come be'in'. Den de Captain 'ol' Mam'zelle to 'im, an' 'e say somet'ing, an' 'e kiss 'er, an' 'e put 'er 'an' on de 'an' of de Little Modder, an' 'e say, "Dere, Josephte, you take my life wid you, too!"—an' dey go.

W'en dey got off from de 'ouse dey go t'rough de fiel' for de river, an' dey don' say nodding, jus' 'urry all dey was able; but on de top of de 'ill dey stop, an' dey look be'in', an' dey see de light on de window of the big room jus' like 'e was shine before de trouble come—an' dey go on.

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

Nobody meet wid dem, nobody see dem ;
but on de road dey can 'ear like de people was
pass. W'en dey get on de river de Little
Modder lef' Mam'zelle on de bushes, an' she
run up de bank, an' bymby she come back, an'
she 'ave de fadder's canoe. Den she run on de
bushes for Mam'zelle, an' she don' reach 'er
before dey 'ear de gun go off on de manoir,
an' Mam'zelle she look on de Little Modder
an' she go for scream ; but she only put 'er
bot' 'an's on 'er 'eart an' fall on 'er knee. But
de Little Modder get 'er on de canoe bymby,
an' cover 'er up wid 'er own cloak, an' every
time de gun go, Mam'zelle she shake like she
was die. An' all dat night dey was go down,
down—an' on de mornin' dey see de church at
Repentigny.

De Little Modder was 'fraid for stay dere,
an' w'en de Curé say 'e can sen' dem on de
City, no matter if dey bot' was sick wid de
col' an' de night w'at was pas', dey bot' say
dey go, an' before dat night dey was drive
on Montréal—an' de Little Modder 'ave keep
'er promise to de Captain.

She was sick 'erself, an' she can' get up de



"'SHE PUT 'ER 'AND ON 'ER 'EART AND FALL ON 'ER KNEE'"

DE LITTLE MODDER

next day ; but de day after she start, an' dat night she go on la tante Lisa, w'ere she fin' me. Nobody h'ax 'er no question, only La Tante tell 'er de Captain 'e's back on de manoir ; an' w'en she 'ear dat she start off some more, an' she go straight on de manoir, widout care ef dey see 'er or ef dey don'.

W'en she was pass on de gate she see de big stone pos' was t'row down, but de snow cover up mos' w'at was outside. But w'en she pass on de 'ouse, she see de wooden shutter was all smash wid de h'axe, an' de front-door was lie on de floor, an' dere was jus' de bar nail' 'cross. She crawl onder de bar an' walk t'rough de 'all, an' open de door of de big room sof', an' dere was de Captain sit on de fire wid one arm tie up an' 'is 'ead on 'is 'an' ; an' de minute 'e 'ear de door 'e jump up, an' w'en 'e see de Little Modder stan' dere, all w'ite an' tire' wid 'er voyage, 'e can' speak, but she say, "Safe!" an' de Captain 'e say, "T'ank God!"

An' de Little Modder see de Captain was change' on dose t'ree day ; like 'er, 'e was grow ol' wid de trouble w'at was come. 'E don' say nodding, but 'e jus' stir de fire so 'e burn up good, an' den 'e make de sign wid 'is arm, an'

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

'e laugh w'en de Little Modder look on de room
—an' dere's no good for tell de story.

Everyt'ing was smash' an' break up; de table
was fix 'cross de window, an' de chair, an' de
sofa, an' de cushion, an' de paillasse, an' de
clo'es from de bed w'at de Captain was pile on
de window an' de door, was all over de floor;
an' de picture of de ol' M'sieu' Georges an'
Mam'zelle Laure and de family, some was pull
down, an' de odder w'at was lef' was all cut on
de face.

An' after — de ol' Jacques tell 'er — 'ow de
Captain was sen' de women out de 'ouse w'en
de people promise' for lef' dem pass, an' den 'ow
de Captain an' Charles fight — 'imself, 'e was
too ol' for do nodding 'cep' load de gun. An'
'ow de Captain was shoot Perreault de black-
smith, an' some odder, too, and 'ow 'e was
near kill' 'imself only for de young Malouin;
an' 'ow de young Malouin 'ave 'im tie' up, an'
dey smash everyt'ing before 'is eyes, an' 'e sit
dere an' 'e don' say nodding, an' 'is face never
change; an' 'ow dey 'unt for de powder an' de
gun, an' don' fin' ver' much. An' den 'ow dey
go off an' take de Captain on St. Isidore; but
'e get out some'ow, an' 'e was jus' get back on

DE LITTLE MODDER

de manoir dat day, an' 'e fin' only 'im, de ol' Jacques, w'at was lef' on de 'ouse.

Den de trouble come fas'; de fadder was 'way all de time, an' de camp was make on St. Benoit an' St. Eustache; an' one day les troupes was pass on de road from Montréal, an' den La Tante she come an' she try for get de Little Modder for go wid 'er; but de Little Modder she kiss 'er an' she cry, an' she say she was not 'fraid for 'erself, an' ef 'er man come 'e nius' fin' 'er dere.

An' de day after les troupes pass' bad news was come from St. Eustache, an' de Little Modder she take me an' go down on de vil-lage, an' all de people was do nodding but go on de church an' say de prayer an' make des vœux; an' w'en de news come dat de English was kill all les patriotes, some of de people was take all dey can carry an' run 'way on de bush; an' on de church dey was cry an' say de prayer out loud, an' only de Curé was dere for say somet'ing. W'at 'e was say I'll don' know, but de women don' cry no more; an' w'en de dark come, me an' de Little Modder we go back 'ome.

An' dat night she don' put me on de bed.

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

She sit on de fire, an' she 'ol' me on 'er knee.
An' on de mornin', w'en de light was jus' begin,
we 'ear de noise like de 'orse on de road, an'
w'en dey come on our 'ouse dey turn in, 'an
we wait, an' den de knock come on de door,
an' de door was open', an' dere was de Captain
Lawless wid 'is cap on 'is 'an'.

An' 'e was 'ol' de door open, an' den two
soldier come on de 'ouse, an' dey carry some-
t'ing. An' de Captain 'e don' say nodding,
jus' make de sign wid 'is 'ead, an' de soldier
move over on de bed; an' de Captain 'e stan'
dere 'gains' de wall like de man w'at was tire'
out, an' 'is face was like de face of de ol' man.

An' w'en de soldier go out, 'e was shut de
door sof', an' 'e come over on de Little Mod-
der; an' I'll be 'fraid den, an' I'll 'ide my face
on 'er dress, an' I'll 'ear 'im say, "My poor
Josephte, you 'ave save me de living, an' I'll
only be able for save your dead."

An' den de Captain 'e go out, an' we 'ear
de sleigh an' de 'orse go off slow, slow, down
de road, an' bymby everyt'ing was qui't some
more—an' me an' de Little Modder was lef'
alone.

LA MESSE DE MINUIT

LA MESSE DE MINUIT

A CHRISTMAS LEGEND

AT was de only good story w'at de ol' Phinée Daoust was tell all de time 'e was wid me an' Xiste Brouillette on de Gatineau dat winter.

I'll not be sure if dat was de trut', but 'e say 'e was tell dat by la tante Lisa, 'is modder; an' I'll not be sure w'ere all dat was arrive—but dat was jus' before Chris'mis, an' all de people was go on la messe de minuit, an' de church was fill' from de rail of de altar to the door.

An' de young King 'e was dere too, an' w'en 'e look on all dose people an' on de 'igh altar, w'at was like le saint Paradis wid all de candle an' de little angel, an' w'en 'e look on de pries' wid deir fine clo'es all red, an' w'ite, an' gol', an' on de little feller on de chœur, an' on de soldier, 'is 'eart was glad, an' 'e see 'e was de bigges'

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

an' de stronges' King w'at dere ever was. An' all de time 'e lis'en to de music an' de boys w'at sing, an' w'en 'e see de pries' move on de altar, an' de people w'at stan' up an' kneel down, 'e forget for Who all dat was make, an' 'e feel like dey was make all dat for 'im.

An' bymby de pries' w'at was serve begin de Gloria; an' dat pries' 'ave de voice w'at soun' jus' like de angel was sing. An' de King lis'en ver' 'ard, an' bymby 'e 'ear 'im an' de odder pries' sing

“Tu solus Dominus; Tu solus Altissimus.”

An' de boys on de chœur dey sing back,

“Tu solus Dominus; Tu solus Altissimus.”

An' de King turn on de ol', ol' pries' w'at was sit 'longside 'im, an' w'at was de confesseur to 'is fadder an' to 'is gran'fadder too, an' 'e say ver' slow,

“Tu solus Dominus; Tu solus Altissimus?”

An' de ol' pries' t'ink 'e was h'ax w'at dat mean, an' 'e say, “Dat's w'at de angel was sing w'en de men fin' de little Jésus—‘ You are de only King. You are de stronges' King! ’”

LA MESSE DE MINUIT

An' de King make de black face, an' 'e say
on 'is inside, "Les gueux! Let dem say w'at
dey like, nobody's de only King so long's I'll
be 'ere! An' dere's no King more strong nor
I'll be!"

An' w'en de ol' pries' was see 'is face get
'ard like dat, 'e kneel down an' 'e say de
prayer for de soul of de young King. An'
de King sit dere, an' 'e don' look no more
on de altar, an' 'e don' lis'en no more on
de office, an' bymby, w'en de pries' was be-
gin de Credo, 'e shut 'is eyes—an' after wile
'e sleep.

'E don' know 'ow long dat was 'e was sleep,
but bymby 'e wake up, an' for little minute 'e
don' know w'ere 'e was. Den 'e see de little
red lamp w'at never, never go out, burn on de
front de altar, an' igh up on de roof 'e can see
de w'ite shine of de moon t'rough de little win-
dow, an' den 'e know 'e was all 'lone on de big
church.

'E try an' t'ink 'ow dat was arrive, but de
more 'e t'ink, de more 'e don' know. Bymby
'e get up, an' 'e pass down de middle of de
church, but w'en 'e was come on de big door,

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

'e fin' dat was fas' lock'. Den 'e feel 'is way roun', an' bymby 'e fin' de little door onder de clocher was open, an' w'en 'e pass out, 'e laugh —'e t'ink dat was de firs' time w'at 'e ever was go t'rough any door 'cep' de big one.

On de outside de snow was everyw'ere, an' de moon was w'ite, an' de sky was ver' igh an' blue, an' de King was shiver wid de col', so 'e make de straight course for de Palais.

W'en 'e get dere 'e don' see no light on de window, so 'e go on de fron' door an' 'e give some 'ard knock, but 'e jus' wait de smalles' minute, an' den 'e knock some more, jus' so fas' an' so 'ard 'e was able widout wait for nodding, an' bymby 'e 'ear de door open little bit an' somebody say, "Who was dere?" An' 'e was so mad 'e jus' give de door 'ard push, an' 'e shout: "H'open de door, vaurien! Don' keep me 'ere!" An' de man say somet'ing, an' den de door was slap' on 'is face.

W'en de King see dat, 'e can' say nodding. 'E jus' stan' dere an' 'e try for t'ink, but nodding come; but bymby 'e go back on de door some more, an' 'e give little qui't knock. An' de minute 'e do dat, de door was open' an' somebody stan' dere, an' de King say, qui't like,



"AN' DEN DEY COME ON DE COUNTRY"

8. *Neuroleptic*
1. *Anticholinergics*

LA MESSE DE MINUIT

“ Let me pass on de ’ouse.”

But dat man say, “ Who you are ??”

An’ e say, “ Me? De King!”

An’ de man, ’e say, “ W’at king ??”

An’ e say, “ W’at king? W’y, de only King
dere is!”

An’ den de man ’e say, “ Wait one minute.”

An’ e call for bring de lamp, an’ e lif’ de
lamp up so dey all can see, an’ e say, “ You
know dat man ??”

An’ dey all look on ’im, an’ de King see deir
eyes, an’ e know w’at dey will say before dey
speak, an’ is ’eart got col’ on ’im like ice.

An’ den de man lif’ up de lamp some more,
an’ e say, “ Look on me !”

An’ dere de King see nodder King jus’ like
’e was ’imself. ’E was all dress up on ’is
clo’es, an’ e see ’is crown on ’is head; but ’e
don’ say nodding for dat, because ’e know dat
was de angel, an’ not de man like ’e was. An’
so ’e don’ say nodding, ’e jus’ turn an ’e’ walk
’way over de snow. An’ de lamp w’at de angel
’ol’ up make everyt’ing bright—’cep’ jus’ w’ere
de King was go.

An’ de King ’e go on like de man w’at was
sleep, an’ den ’e stop, an’ e say, “ Dat’s all lies!

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

I'll make de dream all dis time. I'll go on de men, an' dey all know me!"

An' 'e go over on de 'ouse w'ere de soldier an' de men was sleep, an' 'e knock on de door, an' 'e call so loud 'e was able, "Ourra, Ourra, mes gars!" An' all de men jump up an' run out, an' dey see jus' one poor man w'at stan' dere on de snow. An' w'en dey say, "Well?" 'e go for say, "Don' you know me? I'll be de—"

But w'en 'e see deir face 'e can' go on, an' 'e get sick on 'is 'eart, like w'en 'e was on de door of de Palais. An' den dey laugh on 'im, an' dey call 'im all de bad name dey know; but nobody don' dare for touch 'im. An' bymby, w'en dey get tire' wid deir fun, dey open de door of de stable w'ere de 'orse was keep, an' dey say 'e can sleep dere, an' dey go off; an' 'e 'ear dem laugh w'en dey go.

An' de King 'e sit dere on de stable, an' 'e try not for cry, an' 'e try for min' 'ow 'e was de bigges' an' de stronges' King on de worl', no matter w'at arrive.

But dere was Somebody else on dat stable too. I'll not be sure 'ow for say jus' w'at dat was; not de angel, but de little Boy, de

LA MESSE DE MINUIT

CHIL' an' you see after wile for w'y 'e was be dere.

So de CHIL' stan' dere an' 'e watch de King w'at was sit an' not say nodding for long time, an'de'orse dey all turn deir 'eads an' dey watch 'im too. An' bymby de King 'e got up an' go over on 'is own 'orse w'at nobody can' go near. An' de 'orse was move on 'is box, an' make de little noise like 'e try for speak, an' bymby de CHIL' 'ear de noise like de man was cry, an' 'e go over an' 'e see de King wid 'is two arm roun' de neck of de 'orse, an' 'e 'ear 'im say, "*You* know w'at I'll be! *You* know w'at I'll be!"

Den bymby de King come out an' 'e look on de CHIL' like 'e was know 'im all 'is life, an' w'en de CHIL' say, "Come, let us go!" de King take 'is 'an', an' dey go out de stable an' pass down de street, an' dey pass de 'ouse w'ere de odder people was sleep, an' de big church, an' den dey come on de country; an' den far, far 'way w'ere de King never was pass before.

An' dey go on an' on, p'raps for six, eight, nine weeks like dat, an' all dat time de King

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

was t'ink an' t'ink, an' sometime 'e don' speak all de day, an' don' sleep on de night, an' 'is face get like de face of de ol' man w'at 'ave plenty trouble. An' de CHIL' don' say nodding, jus' let de King go w'ere 'e wan', an' at de las' de King 'e say, "I'll be tire' for always go on like dis, an' never get no place, an' not do nodding."

Den de CHIL' 'e say, "Dat's jus' w'at I'll wan' too. I'll look for de job."

An' 'e go off, an' bymby after w'ile, 'e come back, an' 'e say to de King, "Come wid me," an' dey go to w'ere de Shanty Boss was 'ire de men.

An' de Boss look ver' 'ard on de King, but all 'e say was, "W'at you call yourself?"

An' de King begin for say, "W'at I call myself?—I'll be de—"

But de CHIL' pull 'im by de coat, an' 'e say quick, "'Is name? Dat's Jean LeRoy."

Den de Boss, 'e say, "W'at you can do?"

An' de King not know w'at for say, 'cause 'e never was do nodding all 'is life; but de CHIL' say, "'E can drive de 'orse."

Den de Boss laugh, an' 'e say, "Well, I'll s'pose I'll 'ave to 'ire you, too, for speak for

LA MESSE DE MINUIT

de odder feller." An' so 'e take dem bot', an' de work begin.

An' de Boss 'e take de wil'es' team dey 'ave, an' 'e say, "Dere's your job; start on de morn-ing."

An' de CHIL' an' de King was manage dose 'orse like dey never was do nodding else on deir life; an' de Boss was wonder w'en 'e see dem start.

Den dey was 'appy; jus' demself on de long empty road, sometime on de ice up de river, an' sometime t'rough de bush, an' everyt'ing so sof', an' qui't, an' w'ite, like dere never was no trouble an' no bodder on de worl'.

An' sometime dey see de cariboo, w'at jus' stan' dere an' look on dem pass; an' de squirrel, an' de little beas' an' de bird w'at was lef', run beside dem on de bush, an' come on deir camp w'en dey stop; an' nodding like dat was 'fraid for dem, because dey know w'at de CHIL' an' de King was. An' de King was not t'ink like before, an' 'e tramp beside de team, an' 'e work all de day, an' on de night 'e sleep like de little baby; so dey was sorry only w'en dey make deir voyage, an' come on de big shanty.

Dere all de bodder begin some more. De

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

King was all right wid de 'orse on de bush, but wid de man all de ol' trouble come back, an' 'is face begin for grow ol' an' w'ite, an' de CHIL' was glad w'en de day come for start de down trip.

W'en dey was all t'rough wid dat job an' was pay off, dey go on de farm an' 'ire demself for plough de new fiel' w'at was break up for de firs' time. An' w'en dey was 'lone by demself everyt'ing go all right; de King was sof', an' 'is face get like de young man some more; but w'en dey go back on de 'ouse de King 'e h'eat 'is supper an' 'e don' say nodding 'cep' w'en dey h'ax 'im de question; an' w'en dey sit roun' de lamp for jaser, de King 'e go an' sit on the door an' look out on de night.

An' one time dey begin for speak 'bout de King, and dey say 'ow good 'e was, an' 'ow good everyt'ing go on. An' all dat night de CHIL' 'ear de King turn on 'is bed, an' on de morning 'e see 'is face was grow ol' an' w'ite like before. Den de CHIL' see dat won' do; an' w'en dey got t'rough wid deir job, 'e say, "Now we go on some more," an' de King don' h'ax nodding—dey jus' go on.



"WON' YOU PASS ON DE 'OUSE AN' RES'?"

1000
1000
1000
1000

LA MESSE DE MINUIT

An' dat time dey go ver' far, an' one day w'en 'e was make ver' 'ot, an' dey was all tire' out, dey come on de little village, an' dey pass on de little w'ite 'ouse w'at was stan' between de road an' de river, an' dere was de woman w'at work on 'er flower on de garden.

An' dey give 'er de bonjour, an' dey speak wid 'er little w'ile, an' de CHIL' h'ax 'er 'bout de flower, an' bymby she say, "Won' you pass on de 'ouse an' res'?—you look like you was all tire' out." An' she open de gate, an' dey pass' on de inside.

An' den de woman bring de chair, an' dey sit w'ere it was make nice an' col', an' dey can see de river, an' de church, an' de bridge; an' de woman she bring dem de milk an' de bread. An' dey sit dere, an' de woman h'ax dem de question 'bout de way dey come, an' 'bout deir village; an' den she tell dem all 'bout 'erself an' 'er man w'at was die; an' de King listen all de time, an' bymby after w'ile, 'e turn on de CHIL', an' 'e say, "I'll be tire' wid always change. I'll like for stay 'ere little w'ile." An' dat's de firs' time de King was satisfy for be wid de odder people. An' w'en de CHIL' see dat, 'e was glad, an' 'e go off; an' w'en 'e come

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

back, 'e say, "Dat's all right! I'll see de Curé, an' 'e say you ean teaeh de school for 'im."

An' so dey stay, an' dey live wid dat woman; an' every day de King 'e was teach de school.

On de morning 'e was get up early, an' 'e work on de garden, an' den 'e 'ave de break-fas', an' den 'e go on de school; an' every-ting w'at 'e do, 'e do good; de garden 'ave de bes' flower on de parish, an' nobody 'ave no trouble for sen' de chil'n on de school.

De King 'e like all dose little feller, an' de little girl too; but dere was one little feller w'at 'e like de bes' of all, an' 'e was glad w'en 'e come wid 'im on de garden, an' watch 'im work, an' 'e never was tire' for speak wid 'im, no matter w'at 'e h'ax.

An' so dey go on like dat, an' every day w'en de school was finish' de CHIL' lock up, an' de King go over on de presbytère, an' 'im an' de Curé smoke de pipe onder de tree near de river, an' sometime dey walk up an' down, an' sometime dey sit qui't. Nobody know w'at de Curé say, but de King always come back wid 'is face sof' like 'e was 'appy.

An' de summer pass on dat way, an' w'en de Chris'mis-time come near, de Curé an' de King

LA MESSE DE MINUIT

was teach de boy for sing de noëls an' de cantiques. An' one day w'en dey was sing long time, an' de King see de little feller was tire', 'e stop an' begin for tell dem de story. De King 'e was ver' strong on de story—'e know mos' all w'at arrive on de worl'—an' dat Sonday 'e was tell dem 'bout de King David, 'ow 'e was kill de wil' beas'; an' dat little feller w'at I'll tol' you 'bout, 'e say w'en 'e 'ear dat, "Dat's jus' like our King! 'E's de bigges' an' de stronges' King on de worl'!" An' den de little feller say on de King, "Dere's nobody w'at's more strong nor our King—hein?"

An' de King 'is face got all w'ite, an' 'e can' say nodding.

An' de little feller 'e pull 'is coat, an' 'e say some more, "You don' t'ink dere's nobody more strong nor 'im?"

An' de King 'e look up, an' 'e see de CHIL' was look straight on 'im, like 'e was seen on 'is 'eart. Den de King turn on de little feller, an' 'e say, ver' sof' an' qui't, but dey all 'ear w'at 'e say, "Mais oui, mon cher petit—le bon Dieu." An' 'e make de sign of de cross, an' cover up 'is face wid 'is 'an' . . .

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

An' de minute 'e do dat, 'e 'ear like de 'ole
place was fill wid de music, an' 'e 'ear like de
angel was sing,

“Minuit chrétien,
C'est l'heure de délivrance !”

An' 'e take 'is 'an' off 'is face, an' dere, jus'
like before 'e was go for sleep, 'e see de 'igh
altar shine wid de gol', an' dere was all de
pries', an' de soldier, an' de people, an' dere
'e was 'imself on de church.

An' den de King give little shiver, an' bym-
by 'e kneel down on de floor, an' 'e put 'is 'an'
on de 'an' of de ol' pries' w'at was pray dere
beside 'im, an' nobody see 'ow de tear of de
pries' was fall on de 'an' of de young King.

M A L O U I N

M A L O U I N

O H yes, dat was all change' now; but I'll not be sure 'e was any better nor de ol' way. You put your vote in de box now, of course. But w'at's de good? Ef de man not be 'ones', 'e jus' sell 'is vote, an' den 'e vote de odder way, an' nobody know.

I'll be always vote bleuc, me; 'cep' only once—an' dat arrive like dis:

Dat was de year w'en de young Bigras, de avocat, run 'gainst de ol' Malouin, an' we 'ave de 'ole country out dat time, for sure.

De ol' Malouin, 'e was de riches' man on Ste.-Philomène; 'e 'ave de big store an' de bes' 'ouse on de village—de big stone 'ouse w'at 'e buy w'en de ol' Mackenzie die—an' 'e 'ave plenty farm, an' 'e len' de money wid everybody; an' nearly always w'en 'e len', 'e get de lan' some'ow. An' wid all 'is money 'e was

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

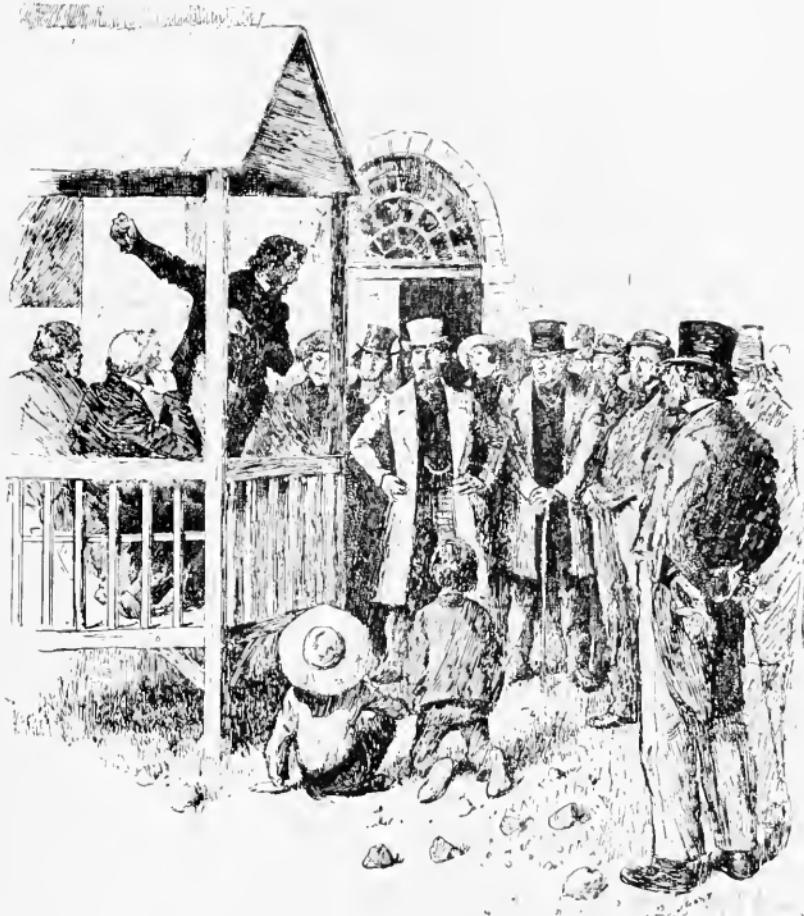
de mean, miserable ol' feller, wid 'is 'eart like
de 'ardes' stone on de Gran' Côte.

'E was de same w'at get my fadder on all de trouble on de "trente-sept"; an' w'en my fadder was kill', 'e was sell de poor Little Modder out, like she was de common beggar-woman.

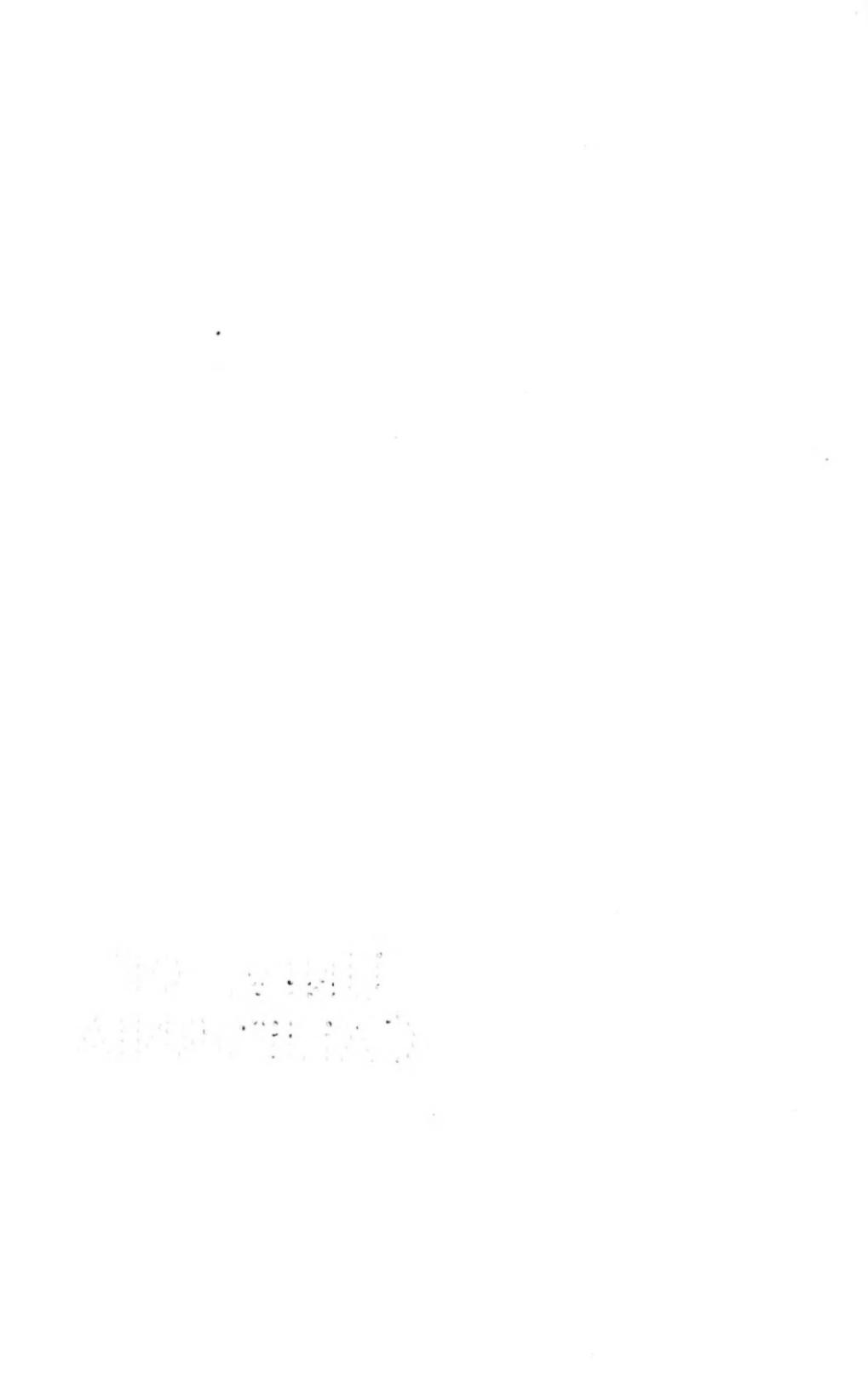
An' de young Bigras, 'e was de son to de ol', ol' Bigras, de notary, w'at live so long dey say 'e's forget 'ow for die. Any'ow, dat young feller 'e was ver' smart, an' dey say 'e was do well on Montréal, an' 'e was come down all t'rough de country on de las' 'lection, an' dey speak of 'im good deal sence dat; but we was all 'fraid 'e not 'ave much chance wid de ol' Malouin.

De firs' assemblée w'at dey 'ave for name deir man was on St. Isidore, on de Sonday after la grande messe, an' nearly de 'ole of de crowd was Malouin.

De young Bigras was dere, too, an' wid 'im was 'is frien' from Montréal, French an' Anglisch, too; an' dey all come late on de church, an' all take deir place near de door, an' everybody turn 'roun' for see dem; an' dey all look ver' fine wid deir black coat, an' we was proud for de young Bigras to 'ave frien' like dat.



"DEY WAS JUS' LIKE ALL DE SPEECH DEY MAKE EVERY TIME'"



MALOUIN

Of course dey was out de firs', an' w'en de odder come, dey fin' de 'ole platform, w'at was fix up on de square, was all fill' up wid de black coat an' de new 'at from Montréal; but Malouin 'e don' say nodding, an' I'll see all 'is gang was look like dey was wait for somet'ing.

Bymby we see M. Alec Watson come on de front of de platform, an' 'e 'ol' out 'is 'an', an' 'e begin for say, "Messieurs les—" w'en somebody yell out, "Ourra pour Malouin!" an' de minute de gang 'ear dat, de place was t'ick wid stone, an' e' wasn' two minute before de platform was empty, an' all de fine 'at an' de black coat was run so 'ard dey can for deir wagon, w'at you not be able for see dem wid de dus'!

Well, bagosh! I'll be sorry for de young Bigras, but I'll fin' dat so fonny, I'll jus' laugh wid all de res'; an' w'en we laugh de ol' Malouin wid all 'is frien', all dress' wid étoffe du pays, was up, an' de speech begin.

Dey was jus' like all de speech w'at dey make every time—all lies w'at dey say, an' all mud w'at dey t'row. But Mailhot, de notary, 'e say one t'ing w'at I'll not forgot. 'E say, "Bymby dose gennelmen dey come back, an' dey 'ave de same chance w'en dey come for

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

speak like we 'ave. Nobody won' say 'Ourra' for scare dem some more, an' ef 'e rain, 'e jus' rain sof', an' no more stone. An' w'en dey come, dey talk like dey always do, but dis year all deir talk is 'de déficit.' Dat's w'at dey try an' scare you wid; an' dat's somet'ing w'at *dey* know all 'bout, for dat was de bigges' t'ing w'at dey lef' be'in' dem.

"Now I'll tell you w'at dat was. W'en we go down on Québec two year pas' for save de country, de firs' t'ing w'at we look for, for see ef 'e's not be gone wid de gennelmen w'at we put out, was—de money.

"Well, we look all t'rough de 'ole boutique from de bottom to de top, an' we was jus' give up, w'en somebody say dere was de little armoire onder de stair; but we all say dere was no good for look dere. But de little Amyot from St. Barthélemy, 'e say 'e don' know, 'e was look any'ow. An' 'e open de door, an' 'e pull out de little ches', un p'ti' coffre; an' 'e was all paint' blue, an' 'e 'ave de big iron 'inges an' de big iron padlock tie up wid little piece of string; an' de minute we see dat, we all say, 'Dat's 'im!'

"But de little Amyot 'e sit down on de top,

M A L O U I N

an' 'e say, "An's off! I'll fin' dis, an' nobody can' grab firs.' An' den 'e h'ax us for all stan' wid our 'an's be'in' our back, an' w'en 'e open de ches', w'at you t'ink 'e fin'? 'E fin' 'de déficit!' Oui, messieurs, 'le déficit!' An' dere was nodding else on de ches' but 'de déficit.'

"But no; I'll be mistake! Dere was somet'ing else!

"On de one corner, stick down 'ard on de crack, was one big two-sous piece, an' de wood was all scratch wid de finger of de gennelman w'at try for not leave 'im be'in' wid de res'.

"So, messieurs, w'en dey talk on 'de déficit,' you all know w'at dey mean."

Well, bymby, de odder come back, and de assemblée was go on, an' after w'ile 'e was t'rough, an' we all go 'ome.

An' den de work begin, an' nobody was do nodding, nobody was talk nodding, 'cep' de 'lection. We 'ave de assemblée all over de country. We go up, an' we go down. Some-time we 'ave de fight, but everybody was 'appy, an' everybody talk so big 's 'e can for 'is man.

Well, bymby de day come, an' we was up

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

mos' de 'ole night before, an' de chance look pretty good for Bigras; but we know ef dere's not good man for watch de poll for 'im on Ste. Philomène, dere's no chance. So we h'ax Johnny Shepper' for come down, an' w'en 'e say 'e was come, we know dat's all correc', for 'e's pretty big man w'at scare Johnny.

But we was pretty sick dat morning w'en we come out an' fin' de ol' Malouin 'ave bring down all dose Irish feller all de way from de Gore on de night. An' dere dey was w'ere dey 'ad no biznet for be, 'mos' a 'undre' of dem, an' every one 'ave de new h'axe-'andle on 'is 'an', an' I'll know does 'andle' come from de ol' Malouin.

An' dat was not de wors'! Seven a-clock come, an' no Johnny Shepper'; eight a-clock, an' no Johnny; an' den 'alf-pas' eight, an' de poll was open at nine, an' dere's no Johnny come.

An' den me an' Xiste Brouillette take Rosalie an' start off down de road for see w'at arrive. An w'en we come near to de big turn on de swamp we 'car somebody yell; an' w'en we get more near, we 'ear 'im some more, an' Xiste 'e say, "Dat soun' like Johnny!"

MALOUIN

You know de road make de long détour for go roun' de end of de swamp, an' w'en 'e cross de bad place w're dere's water de 'ole year long, dere is two little bridge, one on each side, wid de good lan' on de middle.

Well, w'en we get on de turn for cross, sure 'nough dere was Johnny, wid de bridge all gone between w're we was an' 'im. An' 'e was walk up an' down on de front of 'is 'orse, an' de way 'e was curse an' swear was awful.

'E say dat was de ol' Malouin w'at fix 'im dat way. An' w'en we say w'y 'e don' go back an' come roun' by de odder road, 'e swear worse nor before, an' 'e say 'e can' get off de swamp, dat de odder bridge was gone too.

Well, bagosh! dat was ver' smart trick, even ef 'e was play' by de ol' Malouin! Dey mus' 'ave pull down de odder bridge jus' after Johnny was pass an' w'en 'e was 'oller for somebody for 'elp 'im on dis bridge, w'at 'e t'ink was break by 'imself.

Well, dere 'e was! An' bymby after w'ile, 'e begin for laugh, an' 'e say, " Well, boys, I'll be fix' 'ere! You go back an' vote straight; dough dat poll's gone, for sure!" An' den we tell 'im 'bout de Irish from de Gore, an' 'e

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

say dat don' make nodding any'ow; ef dey don' 'ave no man for watch de poll 'e's gone, Irish or no Irish. Den 'e say, "Sen' me some-t'ing for drink any'ow, an' tell de ol' Malouin w'en 'e's finish for vote all de chil'n an' all de people w'at was dead, for come an' fix de bridge an' let me off, an' I'll not lick 'im till de day 'e was leave for Québec."

So we go back. An' Xiste 'e say dere's no good for vote, an' 'e won' get 'is 'ead sinash for no Irish picnic; but I'll say I'll don' care, I'll 'ave my vote down 'gainst dat ol' devil Malouin, ef 'e's de last act.

So Xiste 'e go on 'is fadder wid Rosalie, an' I'll go on de poll, an' I'll meet Mailhot, an' 'e say, "Don' Johnny Shepper' come for see de fair play?"² An' I'll not say nodding; I'll jus' go on.

An' dere on de front of de poll, w'at was on de school-'ouse, was all de Irish gang, an' I'll 'ear dem yell an' shout; an' den I'll see Tom Culbert was stan' dere wid 'is 'orse, an' I'll 'ear de ol' Pelland, w'at keep de poll, say, "W'at's 'is name?" An' he make like 'e was look over 'is book ver' 'ard, an' 'e won' look up. An' Culbert 'e say, "Jack, John Culbert,"



"' DERE WAS JOHNNIE WID DE BRIDGE ALL GONE'"



MALOUIN

de name of 'is brodder w'at was on Califournie. An' de ol' Pelland say, "Correc'; h'ax 'im for w'o 'e vote." An' Tom 'e say, "You vote for Malouin?" an' 'e pull de rein an' de 'orse put 'is 'ead down. An' Tom say, "'E can' speak, 'e jus' make de bow w'en I'll say 'Malouin.'" An' den dey all yell, an' de ol' Pelland put de 'orse down.

Den dey see me, an' Tom Culbert yell out, "Line up dere! Don' you see de gennelman 'e's wait for vote? An' den dey was all stan' up on two line, an' dey all 'ave deir h'axe-andle. An' den Tom 'e yell, "'Tension!" like dey was soldier, an' up go all de stick, an' I'll see I'll 'ave to go onder dem for pass on de poll.

Bagosh! I'll be scare'; but w'en I'll t'ink on dat ol' Malouin, I'll jus' make myself 'ard, an' I'll keep my eye fix on de poll, an' I'll go on.

An' dose feller say, "W'ere's Johnny Shepper?" An' de one feller say on de odder feller, "You not see Johnny Shepper', Mike?" An' de odder feller say, "No, Tim. H'ax dis gennelman; p'r'aps 'e was meet wid 'im." An' nodder say, "'Ol' up your stick dere! Don' you see de man 'ave de sore 'ead?" An' all

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

dat make me all de more wan' for get one
'ones' vote 'gainst dat ol' devil Malouin.

An' de ol' Pelland sit dere wid his book, an'
'e look on me, an' 'e laugh on my face, an' 'e
say, "Bonjour, Melchior. 'E was make 'igh
water on de swamp to-day! But dat's not de
biznet. Now for w'o you vote? For François
Xavier Malouin, marchand—"

An' I'll be so mad, I'll say, "W'at, me?
Malouin?"

An' dat little cross-eye' goglu 'e say, "Dat's
all right; 'e say, 'Malouin!'"

An' my name go down for dat ol' v'limeux.
An' Pelland 'e yell out, "'Nodder for Malouin!
Ourra!"

An' I'll try for grab de book, but dey all
begin wid deir "Ourra! ourra pour Malouin!"
An' dey pull me de one way, an' dey pull me de
odder way, an' de one feller t'row de flour all
over my 'ead, an' de odder tear my coat, an'
no matter 'ow I'll try, I'll not get de chance
for fight.

Well, after w'ile dey was tire' out, and I'll
get down on de ol' Brouillette, an' de girl fix
me up so well's I'll be able; but w'en I'll start
for 'ome, I'll fin' some feller have paint all de

M A L O U I N

spot on Rosalie wid de red paint, an I'll not
be able for come on de village for more nor
t'ree week.

An' dat's de only time w'at I'll not vote for
de straight ticket, me!

JOHNNY RAWSON

JOHNNY RAWSON

DE firs' time w'at I'll see Johnny Rawson was at Le May's, de big tavern at Bord-à-Plouffle. 'E was come down boss of de big raf' for Québec, an' I'll go up for Bytown wid my cousin Phinée Daoust, w'at was promis' de Little Modder for take care of me for make my firs' winter on de bush. Phinée was dere of'en, but me I'll was only 'bout twelve, t'irteen year ol', an' dat's de firs' time w'at I'll be from 'ome.

Dey sen' me on Le May's for wait for Phinée, w'at was come de nex' day, an' w'en I'll wait dere, dose feller all come. W'en dey 'ave deir supper de fun begin, an' de room was clear', an' de ol' Le May, big, fat man, bring in de fiddle, an' de dance was start.

Well, de music don' go ver' good, an' de boys not dance ver' strong; an' bymby I'll see de big feller—more big nor anybody on de room

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

—go up on de fiddler, an' 'e say somet'ing on 'im, an' 'e laugh, 'an' 'e take a chair an' stick 'im on de table, an' de big man jump dere wid de fiddle on 'is 'an', an 'e 'oller out, "'Ere, boys! You don' call *dat* dancin'! Shout, you devil, shout!" An' de fiddle go up onder 'is chin, an' de bow come down on 'er like 'e go for cut 'er on two; an' de fiddle give de scream; an' den dey laugh; an' 'is foot go up an' down, an' 'e sing:

"A Bytown c'est un' joli' place,
Où il s'ramass' bien d' la crasse ;
Où y a des joli's filles,
Et aussi des jolis garçons,
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons!"

Bagosh! I'll never 'ear nodding like dat! Dem boys sing so strong dey scare de smoke out de room. An' de way dey danee!

I'll go roun' on de ol' Le May, an' I'll h'ax 'im w'o dat big feller was, an' 'e say, "You be know 'im pretty well 'nough, little feller, ef 'e let you grow up. Dat's Johnny Rawson!"

"W'at Johnny Rawson?"

"W'y, Johnny Rawson—'Gatineau Johnny'—de Walking Boss for de Richardson shanty!"



D'ORLÉANS

"A BYTOWN C'EST UN JOLI PLACE"

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JOHNNY RAWSON

Well, for sure I'll know Johnny Rawson pretty good after dat, an' 'e was de devil! But jus' one time dey get square wid him; all 'cep' one feller.

Dat was 'bout four mont' after dat time, an' Mosé Snow was de boss for our shanty, an' Johnny was de boss for de 'ole de camp.

Well, dere come one of dose wet, rainy Son-day, w'en de rain rain, an' de snow snow, an' de trees an' everyt'ing was wet like warm water. De boys all sit on de fire, more nor forty feller, an' dey play card, an' dey smoke, an' dey men' deir clo'es; but nobody sing, nobody do nodding, 'cep' spit, an' swear on de rain an' de wet.

Bymby, good strong talk begin w'ere Johnny was, an' de mos' of us stop doin' nodding an' listen. 'E talk wid Irish Mike, an' bymby I'll 'ear Mike say, "Oh, damn de Queen!"

An' den Johnny 'e spit over 'is shoulder an' 'e yell, "Mosé!" An' w'en Mosé come, 'e turn, an' 'e say, sof' and slow like, "Mosé Snow, you 'ear w'at dis gennelman say?"

An' Mosé 'e say jus' de same way, qui't, qui't, "No, Johnny. W'at 'e was say?"

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

Bagosh ! I'll not like de way dey was speak so sof'.

An' Johnny 'e say some more, "W'y Mosé Snow, 'e say, 'Damn de Queen !'"

Well, Mosé 'e jus' give one 'oller, an' de fight begin !

You bet your life I'll skin for de door all de fas' I'll be able ! An' bymby, w'en I'll get my win', I'll come back, an' w'en I'll come on de shanty, I'll 'ear Johnny sing:

"O ! dans les chantiers nous hivernerons !"

An' w'en I'll look t'rough de windy, I'll see Mosé w'at stan' on front w'ere all de h'axe was pile' an' de boys try for get pas' 'im, but nobody like for come too near de h'axe w'at 'e swing. An' Johnny was beside 'im, an' 'e 'ave de iron fire-shovel wid de long 'ic'ory 'andle, an' w'enever 'e get de lick at de feller, down dey go. One man was crawl out de camboose fire w'ere 'e was knock' by Johnny, an' dere was plenty on de floor. De res' dey t'row de fire-wood, de bake-kettle, de tin pan so fas' you can 'ardly see, an' all de time dey was yell an' swear jus' de same like dey was fight.

Bymby, I'll see Phinée Daoust an' t'ree odder

JOHNNY RAWSON

feller pick up de long bench an' run for Mosé. An' 'e yell for Johnny, an' dey bot' rush for de boys. An' de h'axe go, an' de fire-shovel go; an' bymb by de boys go too, an' de door wasn' 'ardly big 'nough for let dem out so fas' dey want.

An' w'en de shanty was all clear, Johnny an' Mosé dey sit down, and dey swear, an' dey laugh w'en dey get deir win', like 'e's all some good joke.

I'll not like dose joke, me! Ef de man wan' for fight bad, w'y don' 'e go out an' fight wid de tree, or lick 'is dog, or do somet'ing w'at don' 'urt nobody?

Well, den Johnny an' Mosé dey start an' fix up de feller w'at dey was 'urt de wors', an' w'en dey was all come back, an' everyt'ing was qui't some more, I'll come on de inside too, but I'll sit near de door. An' den Johnny say,

" Well, boys, dis is Sonday, an' now you all 'ave your fon don' let's 'ave no 'ard feelin'. An' Mosé an' me we go up on de widdy Green an' we tote down little w'iskey jus' for fix up any 'ead' what's little sore."

An' dey go, an' nobody don' min' me, so I'll foller for see w'at arrive. Well, sir, dem fel-

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

ler dey was reg'lar 'ogs! Dey was not be satisfy wid fight like de animal de 'ole day, but w'en dey get on de widdy Green, dey tell de ol' woman, an' dey all laugh, an' dey drink an' drink, an' I'll see dere's not much show for de boys.

So I'll go back, an' w'en I'll tell dem, Irish Mike yell, "Come on, boys, we'll fix dem now!" An' dey all start.

Well, dose feller dey was worse nor de odder! W'en dey get dere, Johnny and Mosé dey couldn' 'ardly stan', an' Johnny t'ink 'e was all some joke, an' he sing 'out, "Come on, boys! 'Ere's de w'iskey for de crowd!" an' 'ol' up de bottle. An' Mike say, "Let's see if 'e's strong!" An' 'e grab de bottle an' 'it Johnny smash on de 'ead wid 'im, an' down 'e go. An' den Mike an' de man w'at was knock' on de fire, dey lick Johnny an' Mosé till dey can' stir, an' de ol' woman run off on de bush an' yell "Murder! murder!" An' dey end up de act by lick dem bot' wid de ol' gun-barrel; an' all de odder feller jus' look on an' laugh; an' den dey take all de w'iskey w'at was lef', an' go on de camp.

W'en dey all go, I'll look roun' an' I'll don'

JOHNNY RAWSON

see de widdy, an' I'll go an' look on dose two 'ogs, an' I'll be disgust' wid dem ; an' den I'll 'it Johnny 'leven or eight kick, an' den I'll kick Mosé. Bagosh ! I'll never kick nodding so big like dat before, and w'en I'll get t'rough, I'll go on after de boys.

Well, de nex' day Mike was gone, an' 'e never h'ax for no pay, an' don' tell nobody w'ere 'e go. An' Johnny an' Mosé don' never say nodding ; but, bagosh ! every time Johnny look on me, I'll get col' all down my back, an' 'e make me sick on my 'eart. An' every time 'e look, every time I'll be sorry for kick 'im.

Well, de nex' fall, on September, one day 'bout four a-clock, we was all sit on de store to McTaggart', an' wait for de up stage; an' Johnny was dere, an' we see some feller ride up so quick's 'e can, an' 'e pull up, an' 'e say, "Johnny Rawson 'ere?"

An' Johnny come out, an' de man tell 'im somet'ing, an' 'e point up w'ere de down stage was come on de odder side de river. An' Johnny jus' turn an' run for de bank, an' give one 'oller to de driver, an' 'e don' wait for no

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

boat nor nodding ; 'e jus' wade in, an' we see
'im swim over an' climb on de stage, w'at was
wait, an' swing 'is arm, an' off dey go.

An' den we turn on de man, an' we say,
"W'at's de matter, Sam?"

An' 'e say, "Nodding's de matter, only
Johnny 'e go for meet somebody w'at come
on de up boat."

An' dat's all 'e say—an' we 'ave for go by
the nex' stage. But on de nex' day, w'en
Johnny catch up wid us, Mosé 'e say,

"W'o you was go for meet, Johnny?"

An' Johnny 'e say, qui't an' slow, "Oh, dat
feller? W'y dat was Irish Mike!"

An', bagosh! I'll feel so sick w'en 'e say dat,
I'll go 'way widout 'ear w'at arrive.

But dat Johnny Rawson 'e was good frien'
for me once, an' dat arrive like dis:

Dose feller on de shanty, w'en dey h'eat deir
breakfas', or deir dinner, or deir supper, or on
de bad wedder w'en dey can' work, or w'en-
ever dey don' got somet'ing else for do, dey
'buse me. Dat was deir fon; but all people
don't t'ink de same togedder 'bout de fon; an'
de wors', was Chunky Peters. 'E was awful



"'E LAUGH WIDOUT MAKE NO NOISE'"



JOHNNY RAWSON

big feller, 'mos' so big like Johnny, but more worse, too.

Chunky 'e was always call me "Pea Soup," an' "Bananer Skin," an' "Roun' Toe"; an' ef 'e's stan' up w'en I'll pass, 'e mos' always give me kick, an' ef I'll be carry de soup or somet'ing 'ot, 'e yell so strong 'e nearly make me fall down.

Well, one Sonday I'll 'ave pretty bad time. De cook 'e was little drunk, an' 'e's ver' mad all de time. 'E swear ver' strong, an' 'e call me all de bad name w'at 'e know. An' w'en I'll carry de potato for de table, Jimmie Green stick ont 'is leg, an' I'll not see 'im, an' I'll fall an' de potato go all over de floor; an' Chunky 'e swear, an' 'e 'it me awful lick wid de boot w'at 'e 'ave on 'is 'an'. An' dey all laugh, an' my 'eart get so big I'll lose my win', an' w'en I'll get up for try an' gadder de potato, 'nodder feller give me push, an' I'll fall all over dem some more.

Bagosh! I'll be near cry, but I'll 'ear Johnny Rawson say, "'Ere, you damn 'ogs' lef' dat boy 'lone, else you wan' for talk wid me!"

An' den dey lef' me 'lone, but nodding was

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

go right! You see t'ing go like dat some time, hein?

Bymby after w'ile, de dinner was all t'rough, an' I'll be 'ongry an' tire' an' sore, an' I'll wan' somet'ing for h'eat bad, an' de pea soup was good an' strong dat day.

Well, I'll look roun', an' I'll can' fin' my tin. 'E was gone! An' bymby I'll see Chunky sit near de door, an' 'e 'ave my tin on 'is knee an' 'e cut 'is 'baccy on 'im. An' w'en 'e see me see 'im, 'e laugh widout make no noise.

Well, bagosh! dat was de las' act! I'll not care for nodding, I'll only wan' for be 'ome some more. An' I'll go out qui't, an' I'll go on de bush, an' I'll sit down on de log, an' every'ting was like I'll be ver' far off. An' bymby I'll can' 'elp 'im; my 'eart 'e get more big, an' more big, an' bymby I'll t'ink 'e was broke, an' I'll cover up my 'ead wid my arm, an' I'll cry, an' I'll cry.

Well, dat was make me some good, an' after w'ile I'll only be cry qui't, on myself like, w'en I'll feel somebody grab me on de shoulder. An' den I'll make myself 'ard, ready for de kick I'll be sure was come, an' I'll 'ear Johnny



"'W'AT'S DE MATTER, FRENCHY?'"

17. *Leptodora* *hirsutum* L.

JOHNNY RAWSON

Rawson say, sof' an' qui't, "Wat's de matter,
Frenchy?"

An' I'll not be sure ef 'e's not some joke,
an' I'll keep myself 'ard, but no kick come,
an' den I'll feel 'is 'an' come off my shoulder,
an' 'e put 'im for little minute on my 'ead, an'
'e say some more, "Wat's de matter, boy?"
An' den I'll can' 'elp 'im, I'll jus' tell 'im 'ow
I'll wish I'll was 'ome wid de Little Modder,
an' 'e sit down on de log, an' bymby after
w'ile, 'e say,

"Look 'ere, Frenchy! You wan' for be
bully boy, an' de feller won' touch you some
more. De boy on de bush mus' be de man,
an' not be scare' for nodding. I'll see dat
Chunky wid your tin. You jus' come 'long
wid me, an' I'll fix dat all right!"

Den we go back on de shanty, an' 'e tell
me w'at for do. An' jus' w'en we get dere, 'e
turn me 'roun', an' 'e say, "Now, boy, ef you
be scare' an' don' do w'at I'll tell you, I'll
lick your 'ead off myself. Now go, an' don'
forget I'll be dere." An' 'e stan' on de door,
an' I'll go on de inside.

My 'eart was go so 'ard 'e almos' bus' on my
ches', but I'll go up on Chunky an' I'll say,

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

“Please, Chunky, dat’s my tin.” An’ ’e say,
“Go to ’ell!” An’ I’ll say, “Look, my mark!”
An’ I’ll turn de tin top-side down on ’is knee.

Den I’ll don’ wait for see w’at arrive, I’ll jus’
skin for de door, an’ I’ll feel ’im be’in’. An’
I’ll run on de bush, w’en I’ll ’ear Johnny yell,
“Stop, stop, you fool! Come back!”

An’ I’ll look an’ I’ll see Chunky was down on
de snow, an’ Johnny was stan’ over ’im wid de
h’axe ’andle. Den I’ll stop; an’ Johnny say,
“Come ’ere!” An’ w’en I’ll come, ver’ slow,
Johnny ’e say, “Kick ’im!” An’ I’ll kick ’im
little kick; an’ Johnny ’e say, “Kick ’im good,
else I’ll lick your ’ead off!” An’ I’ll kick ’im
all de ’ard I’ll be able. An’ Johnny laugh, an’
every time Chunky try for get up, Johnny
knock ’im down; an’ every time ’e knock ’im
down, I’ll kick ’im.

An’ bymby Johnny ’e say, “Dere, Frenchy,
dat’s ’nough for de firs’ day!” An’ ’e say,
“Now go on de shanty an’ get your dinner.”

An’ I’ll go, an’ I’ll never h’eat de pea soup
so good like dat on my life.

P'TI' BAROUETTE

P'TI' BAROUETTE

DAT was de winter of de big snow. Dere was de ol' Phinée Daoust, an' me, an' Xiste Brouillette was 'unt an' trap on de 'ead-water of de Gatineau. We mus' be near de 'ead of de St. Maurice, too, an' de only place near was de Fort Metiscan, somew'ere on de nort'.

De las' camp w'at we make was de wors' of all. De wedder was bad ; de col' was make so 'ard de game all go, an' de snow was so dry de raquettes go almos' to de groun' an' 'e fly up an' blow roun' like powder.

One night we was sit on de fire, an' we was talk 'bout clear out an' strike down for de Big River, an' we was all ver' glad for go. 'E was too far'way, dose place ; de day was too short ; dere's no skin w'at's wort' de bodder for take 'im ; an' de snow come so often an' 'e's so light dere's no good for set de trap.

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

We 'ave buil' good cabane, an' 'e's no boder for keep warm, but dere's not too much for h'eat; an' on de bad wedder, an' every day w'en 'e get dark, we was all get tire' for sit on dat fire an' lis'en to de ol' Phinée tell de story. An' dat was de wors' of all. Dat ol' feller know all de awful story of all w'at arrive on de worl'. 'E tell de wors' 'bout w'at arrive on de bush; 'bout de feller w'en dey're all 'lone; an' 'e know all 'bout de Windegos.* An' 'e tell dose t'ing on de night-time, an' Xiste an' me ver' often be so scare' our pipe dey go out; but w'en 'e's t'rough we all laugh, an' try for fool de odder w'at we not min' dose t'ing w'at dey tell de baby for make 'im keep qui't. But, bagosh! 'e's not de same for 'ear dose t'ing an' be sit on de fire at 'ome wid de ol' modder w'at sit on 'er corner an' de girls w'at veiller, an' be sit on de camboose fire near de 'ead of de Gatineau an' 'ear de ol' feller like Phinée tell dose t'ing, an' outside dere's only t'ousan' million tree, an' de snow, an' de win', an' de dark.

* The Windegos, or Windego, is an evil spirit, generally of gigantic size, which leaves mysterious footprints in the snow, and is much dreaded by those who live in the depths of the forest.

P'TI' BAROUETTE

Well, dat night Phinée 'e jus' begin for say, "My poor chil'n, I'll 'ear de story of w'at arrive on de man w'at was fix like us one time"—w'en de dog, w'at was sleep on de fire, lif' up 'is 'ead an' give one bark like de gun go off, an' we mos' jump out our skin; den 'e run on de door, an' 'e bark an' 'owl, like somet'ing was come on de camp, an' I'll grab my gun an' start for de door, an' Phinée and Xiste come be'in'.

We look w'at de dog was bark for, an' we see dere's somet'ing w'at stan' straight up on de w'ite snow. An' Xiste 'e say, "Bagosh! dat's de man, any'ow! 'Ere, sir! Go on de 'ouse, you pig!" 'e say on de dog.

An' den I'll shout, an' de man don' say nodding.

An' den Phinée, 'e say, "Dat's too small for de man, 'e's de woman for sure, or p'r'aps 'e's de—"

An' I'll say, "Don'! don'!" Dat's awful for 'ear de ol' man make some jokes like dat on de night-time, an' somet'ing out dere on de snow w'at we don' know. W'atever dat was, 'e stan' dere all black, an' don' say nodding, an' we all stan' dere too, an' look an' look, an' de

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

dog crawl 'roun be'in', and make de noise like
de baby w'at be scare' bad.

Bymby I'll go down little bit from de door,
an' I'll say, "W'o was dat?" An' I'll 'ear
somet'ing was answer, an' de minute I'll 'ear
dat, I'll wonder 'ow I'll be so scare', an' I'll
run down fas', an' w'en I'll be dere, I'll fin',
not de woman like Phinée say, but de little
Injun boy, not more nor fourteen, sixteen year
ol', wid 'is gun 'cross 'is arm, an' 'mos' froze.
Den I'll say, "Come wid me, poor little devil;
all frien's 'ere, plenty fire, plenty l'eat"—an'
'e don' say nodding, jus' come 'long be'in' like
de dog.

'E pass' on de inside de camp like 'e was
dere all de time. 'E don' say nodding, 'e don'
look on nobody, jus' sit down on de fire, all
wrap' up on 'is blanket, an' 'is gun 'cross 'is
knee. An' dere 'e sit an' look on de fire, jus'
like w'at 'e see somet'ing far'way off, an' dere
was no fire dere, an' dere was nodding dere,
jus' 'im an' w'at 'e see.

Phinée put on de tea for boil, an' w'en 'e see
de little feller was warm' up good, 'e say,
"'Ere, P'ti' Barouette!" Dat's Phinée; 'e al-
ways make some joke, an' 'e give de poor

P'TI' BAROUETTE

little feller name like 'e was big Injun. Barouette?* Dat's w'at you call de w'eelbarrow. Well, 'e say, "'Ere, P'ti' Barouette! Don' look too far 'way, h'else p'r'aps you see de Windegos. Drink dat." An' 'e give 'im de 'ot tea.

De boy look on 'im, an' 'e was satisfy, an' 'e take de tea, an' 'e 'ol' 'im long time; an' bymby after w'ile, 'e go for sleep dere wid de gun 'cross 'is knee, an' we was sit dere an' look on 'im, an' de one h'ax de odder w'at arrive on dat little feller.

Bymby Phinée 'e say, "Dat don' make nodding, all dat talk! I'll go for bed, me, an' de boy 'e's tell 'is story to-morrow, or de nex' day, or de day after dat." An' den 'e go for get up. But de minute 'e move, de boy jump up wid 'is eye wide open, an' t'row up 'is gun like 'e go for shoot; but I'll knock de gun up, an' before 'e know, Phinée 'ave 'im safe, an' 'e say sof' an' kin', like e' was talk to de wom-

*The French-Canadian has a curious trick of transposing letters in certain words; thus, crocodile becomes *coco-drile*; St. Sulpice, *St. Suplice*; Carolina, *Calorina*. Here Melchior transforms Brouette, a wheelbarrow, into *Barouette*.

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

an, “ Dere, dere, my poor little cabbage! jus’ you lie down, an’ nobody don’ touch you ’ere.”

But de boy back over on de corner, an’ ‘e stan’ dere, an’ every time we move ’e was watch us like de cat watch de dog.

Xiste ’e say, “ Bagosh! Melchior, I’ll don’ like de way dat boy look wid ’is eye; dat make de bad luck.”

But Phinée ’e say, “ Ah, tut, tut, tut! de boy’s scare’ bad wid somet’ing, dat’s all! Go for sleep, an’ don’ min’ ‘im.”

An’ bymby, sure ’nough, de boy slide down on ’is ’eels, an’ bymby ’e go for sleep on de corner, an’ everyt’ing was qui’t some more, only outside de tree w’at crack wid de fros’.

On de middle of de night I’ll wake up, for ’e’s my turn for fix de fire, an’ I’ll look over on de boy, an’ I’ll see ’im dere sit up on ’is corner wid ’is eye fas’ shut. But de minute I’ll take de firs’ step, ’e jump up like de firs’ time, an’ start for t’row up ’is ’an’s, like e’ ave de gun; an’ w’en ’e fin’ dat’s gone, ’e drop down on ’is knee, an’ ’is two ’an’s up over ’is eye, an’ ’e say, sof’ an’ quick, “ Shoot! shoot!” Injun way. Den bymby after w’ile, ’e take ’is

P'TI' BAROUETTE

'an's down off 'is face, an' look on me ver' 'ard,
an' den 'e crawl over on 'is blanket, an' lie
down widout say nodding more. Bagosh! I'll
fin' dat fony! I'll not know w'at for t'ink, an'
so I'll fix de fire, an' I'll go back on my bunk,
an' I'll go for sleep myself.

Well, de nex' day de boy was not be so
scare'. 'E h'eat w'at we give 'im, but 'e don'
say nodding. An' Phinée try Injun talk wid
'im, but dat don' make nodding too. An' dey
begin for say de boy can' talk any'ow. But
I'll tell Phinée w'at I'll 'ear, an' 'e say,—

“Dat's correc'. 'E go for tell de story bym-
by, w'en I'll h'ax 'im.”

W'en we break de camp an' start for de Big
River, I'll make de boy do de work like de
res', an' de day after we lef' 'e say “V'là!”
w'en 'e 'ear me h'ax for de strap w'at was
be'in' me. An' after dat 'e speak little more,
an' little more; but 'e was de Injun boy, an'
all w'at 'e say not make ver' long string ef 'e
was say 'im all to once. But de t'ing was, 'e
can speak; an' 'e can speak de French pretty
good, too.

I'll see Phinée was watch de boy, an' one

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

night, w'en we was 'ave de supper, 'e look ver' 'ard on de boy, w'at begin for look like de live Injun some more, an' 'e say,—

“I'll 'ave 'im! You're de son to de Canard Noir. I'll see you wid 'im on de Spanish River, two year pas.”

An', bagosh! w'en 'e say dat, de little feller get scare', like 'e was de firs' night, an' 'e begin for tell de lie; but Phinée say to everyt'ing w'at 'e say,—

“*Dat's* not good! *Dat's* not good! I'll know de Injun like I'll know de dog. You're de son to de Canard Noir!”

An' dat night we was 'wake up by de dog, an' we jump on time for see Phinée run out on de dark, an' bymby 'e come back, an' 'e 'ave le P'ti' Barouette wid 'im, an' 'e say, “Now you try an' run 'way some more an' I'll cut out your 'eart, an' I'll give 'im to de Windegos for h'eat!” An' de boy 'e look like 'e die, 'e was so scare'.

An' bymby Phinée 'e say, “Now dere's no good for go on like dis way. Tell us w'at's de trouble, an' 'ow 'e was arrive.”

Den we all sit on de fire, an' bymby de boy begin for speak, an' 'e tell us 'ow 'e *is* de



"DE CANARD NOIR SIT DERE AN' WON' GO OUT"

1900-
1901
1902
1903

P'TI' BAROUETTE

son to de Canard Noir, an' 'ow de ol' man was sick w'en dey start on deir way for make de 'Odson' Bay, an' 'ow de res' dey go on an' lef' dem. Dere was de ol' man, an' de modder, an' 'im, an' de little baby; but firs' dey make dem good cabane, an' lef' dem plenty powder an' somet'ing for h'eat. An' after wile de ol' man not be no worse, an' bymby 'e get some more better, an' den de snow come, an' dey wait for de river's take so dey be go up on de h'ice.

Bymby all dey 'ave lef' was h'eat, an' de fros' was make some more 'ard an' more 'ard, an' every day dey 'ave to go more far on de bush for fin' de game; an' all de time de game was go more far too, an' every day dey was more 'fraid for start de voyage for de Bay; for ef de game was bad dere, 'e was sure for be worse w'en dey go more on de nort'.

Den de storm come, an' dey can' go out, an' bymby only de wolf an' de snow was lef', an' de Canard Noir 'e won' go out w'en de storm was over. 'E jus' sit on de fire an' 'e smoke, an' 'e don' say nodding w'en de little feller fix up for start.

An' dat day de boy hardly fin' de trail—de

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

snow was so dry dere was no mark, an' everyt'ing was so change' 'e can' fin' de mos' deir trap; but de little feller go on, an' go on, an' 'e try for foller w'at trail 'e fin', but 'e's no good, an' w'en 'e turn 'e was mos' die, 'e was so tire' an' 'ongry before 'e come on de cabane.

'E pull back de clot', an' 'e crawl on de inside. Dere was de fire burn up good, an' dere was de Canard Noir w'at sit on de fire, but de modder was cover up 'er 'ead wid 'er blanket —an'—dere was somet'ing on de fire.

De little feller look firs' on de Canard Noir, an' den 'e look on de modder. Den 'e take 'is blanket an' 'e crawl out de cabane some more, an' 'e make de 'ole on de snow—an' some'ow on de morning 'e was still 'live.

An' de Canard Noir come out, an' 'e stan' dere, an' 'e say, "De wolf stay 'ere, an' de wolf h'eat an' not die." An' den dey bot' go back on de cabane.

An' now de boy speak only Injun way.

'E tol' us 'ow bymby dey was 'ongry some more; 'ow de modder an' de Canard Noir sit dere on de fire an' won' go out; 'ow 'e see de modder was watch de Canard Noir, an' 'ow 'e



"AN' JUS' W'EN DE CANARD SEE 'IM 'E FIRE'"

1970
1971
1972

P'TI' BAROUETTE

was 'fraid for go out an' lef' dem dere wid demself. An' 'ow one day 'e can' stay dere no longer; an' 'ow 'e go out, an' dere was no game; an' 'ow, w'en 'e was come back, de Canard Noir was 'lone on de cabane, an', like de firs' time—dere was somet'ing on de fire.

Den, jus' like de modder, 'e was watch de Canard Noir, an' de Canard Noir was watch 'im. On de night dey was never lie down, an' ef de one was move, de odder jump up for show 'e was 'wake.

One day de Canard Noir say 'e go wid de boy for 'unt too. An' dey was start out, an' de little feller start de one way, an' de Canard Noir start de odder. But de boy not go ver' far w'en 'e look roun', an' dere 'e see 'is fadder was stan' dere an' watch 'im. Den de boy know w'at 'e was t'ink, an' all de time 'e watch be'in' jus' de same like 'e was look on front. An' bymby 'e was sure 'e see de fadder w'at foller be'in'. An' w'en 'e see dat, 'e make de start like 'e see de game, an' 'e keep 'imself low down on de groun', an' 'e run quick, till 'e get over de top of de 'ill, an' dere 'e 'ide be'in' de tree an' wait.

An' bymby 'e see de Canard Noir come up,

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

all ben' over, an' 'e move sof' an' fas'; an' de little feller wait till 'e get 'im clear of de tree, an' 'e fire jus' w'en de Canard see 'im, an' de Canard t'row up 'is arm an' fall over on 'is face on de snow; an' de little feller scream' an' scream', an' den 'e turn an' run so fas' 'e can, widout know w'ere 'e go;—an' dat night 'e was come on our camp.

Dat was de story 'e tol' us dat night, an' all de time 'e was speak sof' an' qui't, Injun way; an' 'e was tell all dat like 'e was arrive on some odder people, an' not on 'im. An' w'en 'e was t'rough, 'e go off on 'is blanket an' sleep, like 'e was all well some more.

Well, we was talk an' talk, an' we h'ax w'at was bes' for do, an' we don' know. Phinée, 'e say dere's no good for 'ang de boy, an' dey be 'ang 'im sure ef we was tol' w'at arrive. An' 'e was good boy, too; 'e work 'ard; 'e never say nodding for de col'; 'e don' talk. So w'en we get down on Notre Dame du Désert, an' we fin' de Père Gendron was pass on de settlemen' for make 'is mission, we tol' 'im, an' we sen' 'im de boy.

An' de nex' day, w'en we h'ax de Père w'at

P'TI' BAROUETTE

'e t'ink, 'e jus' say, "Poor little chil'! Poor
chil'!" Den we h'ax 'im w'at 'e do, an' 'e say,
"Do? I'll jus' give 'im slap on de side 'is 'ead,
an' tell 'im for not do 'im some more!"

An' p'r'aps dat was de bes'.

L A C A B A N E

L A C A B A N E

ONE winter, me an' Xiste Brouillette, we make 'mos' six 'undre' dollar wid de skin w'at we take, an' de nex' winter after dat I'll say I'll not 'ave no pardner, jus' 'ire two men for work. One of dose men is Injun feller from de Mission call' Alexis, an' de odder was de "métif" * call' Joe.

I'll never go so far on de woods for camp like dat time. We was take five day for get up after we leave de settlemen', but we 'ave de bully place, an' we buil' good big cabane, an' we do pretty good biznet for de firs' part de winter.

One Sonday morning—I'll make 'im some time near Chris'mis—I'll get up, light my pipe, an' go out for see de wedder. Dat was fine col' day; de sun was show strong, an' de

* Métis, a half-breed.

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

sky was col' an' blue widout no cloud. Den I'll get de bucket, an' go down on de river for get de water, an' w'en I'll get near de 'ole, I'll see de moose track all fresh an' new, jus' like 'e was pass on de 'ole for drink.

Bagosh! I'll 'ave nodding but my knife, I'll be in my shirt, an' no raquettes, but I'll can' 'elp 'im, dat track 'e was too strong for me! An' I'll drop de bucket an' start.

De snow was pretty t'ick, an' I'll know de moose can' be far off, an' I'll run so 'ard I'll be able; but w'en I'll come on de place w'ere de tree was t'in, I'll see de moose 'way on de middle of de clearin', an' dere's no chance.

Bagosh! I'll feel bad; but dere's no good. Den I'll fin' myself wid all my win' gone, an' so tire' I'll feel like de ol' man. Den, w'en I'll be done call dat moose some bad name, I'll start for go back, an' I'll be so dry dat w'en I'll come on de firs' water, I'll break de 'ole on de h'ice an' I'll drink an' drink.

Den I'll go on for de camp, but I'll fin' dat ver' long way w'at was so little w'en de moose was on de front; an' de wedder was make more col', an' de win' begin for blow, an' bymby I'll feel de shirt dry on my back,

LA CABANE

an' every time 'e touch my skin 'e make me jump.

Well, bymby after 'while, I'll get back on de camp, an' I'll fin' de boys 'ome from de trap, an' dey 'ave pretty good catch, an' dey 'ave de breakfas' cook'. But I'll not feel like h'eat; my 'ead was 'eavy like 'e was fill' wid sand, an' I'll jus' drink de tea, an' den I'll crawl on my bunk, an' de boys say,—

“ W'at's de matter? You was sick?”

But I'll be 'mos' too sleepy for say nodding; an' I'll 'ear dem talk, an' w'at dey say soun' big on my 'ead, an' bymby I'll go for sleep.

An' I'll t'ink I'll be sleep 'ard an' I'll be sleep long; an' w'en I'll wake up 'e was all dark like de middle of de night, an' I'll not know w'ere I'll be. Dere was big noise go on, an' I'll not know w'at make 'im. An' I'll be col', an' w'en I'll try for get up, I'll fin' I'll can' 'ardly move my leg. Den I'll put up my 'an', an' I'll feel de wall, an' I'll know w'ere I'll be.

An' den I'll call, “ Joe!” pretty sof', an' nobody say nodding.

Den I'll call, “ Alexis!” more strong, an' nobody say nodding.

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

An' den I'll get out my bunk, an' I'll shake all over wid de col', an' my legs dey ben' up, an' I'll fall over on de floor. Den bymby I'll crawl on de odder bunk, an' I'll feel on 'im, an' dere's nobody dere. I'll crawl over on de fire, an' dere's no wood on, jus' a little bit of fire, w'at show like some eyes on de dark.

Dat *was* scare me! Den I'll yell all de strong I'll be able, "Joe! Alexis! Joe!" An' nobody don' say nodding some more. Bagosh! I'll be scare' den for sure. I'll be 'fraid somet'ing arrive on dose boys, an' I'll not be able for do no good, an' dey was fall down some place, an' dey die.

Den de col' come on me some more, an' I'll shake an' shake, an' den I'll be scare' I'll go for be sick, sure. I'll t'row some wood on de fire, an' bymby 'e was burn up good, an' I'll be warm, an' I'll feel more better; but I'll t'ink on dose boys off on de dark, an' dat 'mos' make me sick on my 'eart.

Den I'll say, "Melchior, don' you be de baby! Dem boys dey's ol' 'nough for take care demself. You jus' get somet'ing ready for dem w'en dey come 'ome."

LA CABANE

An' I'll begin for stir up little. I'll cut de pork an' I'll fry good lot, an' I'll boil good big pot tea. An' all dat make me feel more good; an' de fire burn good, an' de cabane was all look warm, an' I'll t'ink dose boys was pretty glad w'en dey see de fire an' smell dat pork an' dat h'onion w'at I'll fry.

An' I'll lis'en for long time, but dere's no soun', an' bymby I'll go on de door an' I'll look out, an' dere's no soun' come; only de win' w'at begin for rise on de tree an' cry like de ol' man on de pine. De moon look sof' an' w'ite like de snow come, an' 'e was ver' dark on de groun'.

Den—I'll don' know for w'y—I'll look on de big wood-pile w'at we make near de door, an' I'll don' see de odder toboggan. I'll t'ink dat fonny, but den de win' strike me col', an' I'll go back on de cabane.

'E was look so warm, an' de fire was burn so good, I'll sit down, an' de warm come all over me, an' I'll 'mos' forget all 'bout de toboggan, w'en all to once Somet'ing come—I'll don' know w'at dat was, but jus' de same like on de door—an' I'll look roun' de wall, an' I'll see all de skin w'at was 'ang dere on de stretch-

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

er—an' 'e's all gone; den I'll jump up an' I'll go on my bunk—an' my gun 'e's gone from 'is place; I'll look on de corner—an' all de raquettes 'e's gone too! An' den I'll know w'at arrive!

Dem boys t'ink I'll be sick bad, an' dey steal all de skin, an' dey was go off wid everyt'ing, an' lef' me dere by myself for die on de col'.

Bagosh! I'll don' care. I'll be so sick an' so col' I'll can' 'elp 'im. I'll jus' sit down an' I'll cry dere on de fire.

Den I'll say, "No, bagosh! I'll not die, me! I'll get all right, an' I'll 'ave dem two fellers 'ang'."

An' den I'll go over on de door, an' I'll bring in de wood, an' I'll pile 'im up on a big pile near de fire till I'll be near dead, I'll be so tire' an' sore. Den I'll drink some de 'ot tea, an' dat make me feel some good, an' I'll say, "Come on, Melchior! Dere's more work for you to-night." An' I'll take de two bucket, an' I'll go down on de river, an' I'll fill 'im on de 'ole, an' den I'll fin' I'll not be able for carry de bot', an' I'll 'ave to lef' de one dere; an', bagosh! dat was long time be-

LA CABANE

fore I'll get dose two bucket on de cabane. An' w'en I'll start for fix up de door, de storm was jus' begin, an' w'en I'll shut de door, 'e feel like de 'ole worl' was shut out wid de storm an' de dark, an' I'll be de only man w'at was 'live on de bush wid my fire an' my cabane. An' w'en I'll get de blanket out de bunk for pile dem on de floor near de fire, I'll feel 'appy, I'll don' know for w'y; an' den I'll get all de bread, an' more tea, an' de Pain Killer.

An' den I'll put more wood on de fire, an' I'll sit dere an' wait.

Bymby Somet'ing was h'ax me w'at for I'll be wait. Den 'e say, "Dere's no good wait for de boys!" An' 'e say dat over an' over more nor forty time, an' every time w'at 'e say dat, my 'ead go round, an' my 'ead get more big an' more big, an' sometime' I'll see de fire all move togedder an' swing de 'ole cabane wid 'im.

I'll try for say de prayer, an' I'll try for make des—vœux, de promis' — but I'll can' remember nodding 'cep' dose ol' song w'at my Little Modder teach me w'en I'll be de baby :

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

"Je mets ma confiance,
Vierge, en votre secours;
Servez moi de défense,
Prenez soin de mes jours."

An' dat's all. But w'en I'll say dat, de fire stop for move, an' I'll not 'ear dose word some more, an'—dere's one t'ing for sure—*Dey* know w'at I'll h'ax for w'en I'll only be able for say,

"Je mets ma confiance."

I'll tell you 'ow I'll know dat:—

De firs' night, 'cep' I'll not get de wood an' de water, I'll never be able for got dat sence; ef I'll not cook dose t'ing for de boys, I'll not 'ave nodding for h'eat; den no matter 'ow long I'll sleep, dat don' make nodding for *Dem*—I'll always was wake plenty time for roll de wood on de fire, an' de fire never go out once; an' one time I'll wake up, an' I'll fin' big 'ole burn' on my blanket, an' de fire was put out 'fore 'e make no bodder; 'e only burn long 'nough for show me *Dey* lis'en w'en I'll not be able for talk no sense, an' only can say,

LA CABANE

“ Servez moi de défense
Prenez soin de mes jours.”

I'll not know wedder I'll be dere for t'ree week, or t'ree mont', or t'ree year. I'll can' tell 'ow long I'll sleep. An' ef 'e was dark w'en I'll wake up, I'll not be sure ef 'e's de same night 'e was w'en I'll go for sleep.

Sometime I'll wake up an' I'll fin' I'll be sit up on de fire, an' p'r'aps I'll be cry like de baby.

One night w'en de fire not burn good I'll look up t'rough de camboose 'ole, an' I'll see de star, an' dey look so near, like I'll be able for touch dem wid my 'an', an' jus' like de little baby, I'll put my 'an' up; but de minute I'll move, de star dey dance mile an' mile 'way on de sky, an' I'll jump up, an' I'll scream out wid de fright w'en I'll see de little fire an' de black wall of de cabane w'at shut me in. An' after dat I'll never forget w'at I'll be all alone, —an' dat was de wors' of all.

'Nodder time I'll be wake up, an' I'll fin' myself kneel' down, an' I'll t'ink I'll be on de church, an' I'll 'ear de Curé say, “ Sursum corda.”

An' I'll make for answer:

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

“ Je mets ma confiance,
Vierge, en votre secours.”

An' dat's not de answer at all, you know;
but I'll see de candle w'at burn on de altar
like de little star, an' I'll 'ear dem sing des
Noëls; an' den I'll begin for wake up little
more, an' I'll see de light on de altar get more
small, an' I'll 'ear de noise like de people was
go out, an' I'll see de candle on de altar was
go out too, firs' one, an' den 'nodder, an' den
'noder, an' I'll begin for get scare' I'll be lef'
dere all 'lone, an' I'll go for get up, an' den—
de church all go, de altar go, de candle go, an'
I'll see only de fire, w'at dance up an' down
like 'e was glad for fool me; an' den everyt'ing
go roun', an' I'll 'ear myself laugh, an' I'll fall
down.

W'en I'll wake up I'll be col', col', like my
'eart was froze', an' I'll t'ink I'll lie dere, an'
not try no more; an' den de col' twist me some
more; an' I'll look on de fire, an' I'll see dere's
jus' de w'ite ash lef', an' outside I'll 'ear de
win' on de pine cry like de ol' man, “ Dere's no
good wait' for de boys; dere's no good wait'

LA CABANE

for de boys!" An' I'll crawl over on de fire, an' I'll move de ash, an' dere I'll fin' some fire w'at was 'live yet. An' den I'll crawl over on de wall an' I'll pick out all de dry moss w'at I'll fin', an' all de time I'll be éry like de baby, an' all de time de win' call t'rough de wall an' down de camboose 'ole, "Dere's no good wait' for de boys! Dere's no good wait' for de boys!" I'll be so tire' I'll can' go ver' fas', an' all de time I'll be 'fraid de fire go ont, or p'r'aps I'll go for sleep some more an' I'll not get de moss. But bymby, I'll 'ave good lot on de ches' of my shirt; but I'll be so tire' I'll can' crawl some more, an' I'll pull myself over wid my arm till I'll get on de fire, an' all de time I'll say de song of de Little Modder:

" Je mets ma confiance,
Vierge, en votre secours."

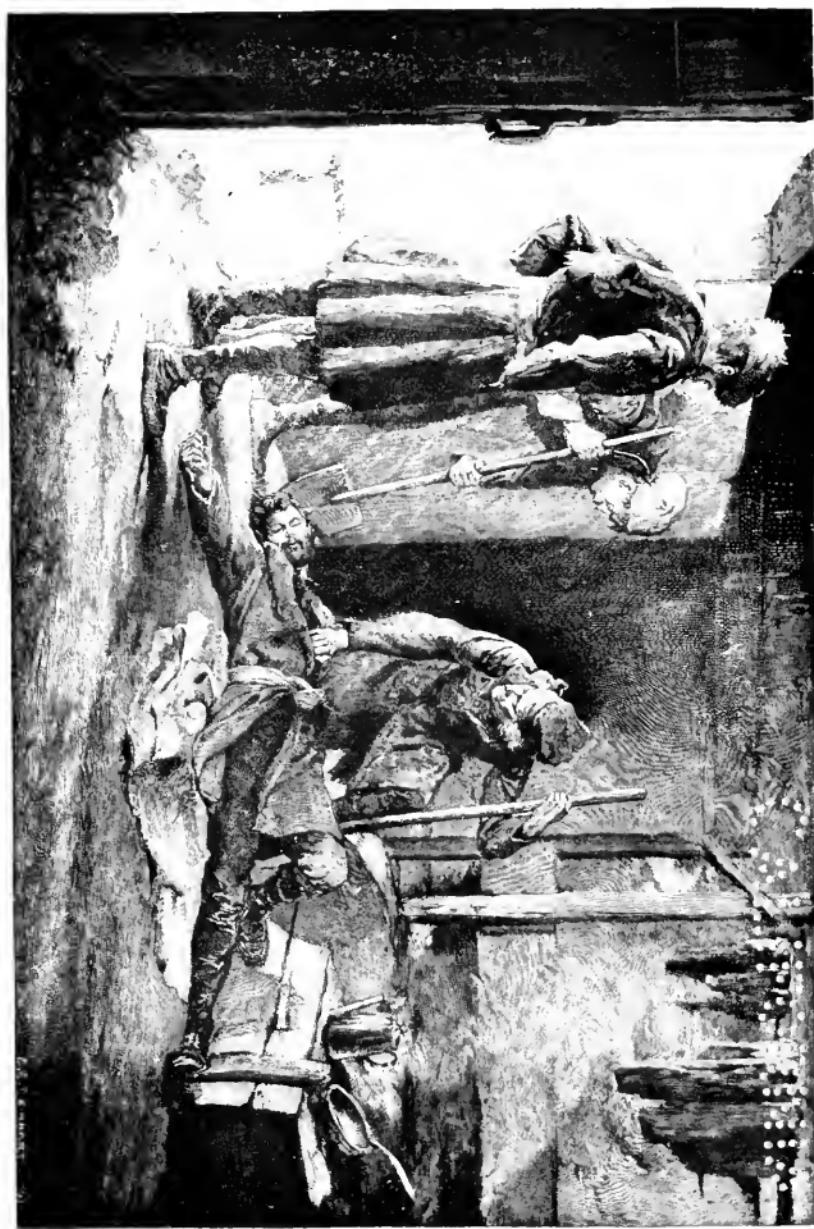
An' dere I'll lie down, an' I'll can 'ardly move. Bymby I'll try some more, an' I'll take de smalles' wood w'at I'll fin' near, an' I'll take all de moss, an' I'll take de little bits pork w'at was lef', an' I'll put dem on de fire, an' I'll wait an' wait. I'll try for blow, but I'll not 'ave no win'. Den I'll say de same song

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

some more; an' bymby, firs' de smoke come,
an' den de little fire, like some little snake w'at
run out an' den in, an' after w'ile de red fire
come, an' begin for climb for de roof.

De smoke was ver' bad, but de win' don'
speak no more, an' I'll put more wood on, an'
jus' be near fall asleep w'en I'll 'ear, *biz!* an'
den some more, *biz!!* an' den I'll see de fire
give little wriggle, an' den 'e come more fas',
biz! biz!! biz!!! an' I'll see dat was some
snow w'at melt on de chimbly; an' de smoke
come more worse, an' my 'ead begin for make
de noise an' go roun', an' I'll jus' begin for
say, "Je mets ma—" w'en, *tr-r-r-r!* down
come de snow in a 'cap on de top of de fire,
an' de fire go *z-z-z-z!* an' de smoke go all on
de cabane, an' I'll can' see nodding; an' I'll
'ear de win' say some more, "Dere's no good
wait' for de boys! Dere's no—good—wait'—"
An' den, I'll not know nodding.

De nex' t'ing w'at I'll know I'll feel I'll be
move—move—move, like somebody was carry
me wid deir arm every place w'ere I'll be
tire' an' sore; an' I'll feel de win' on my face,
good an' col', an' den I'll know I'll be dead,



"MAN' DEX FIN' ME JUS' WEND UP DE LAS' HACT'

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LA CABANE

an' de angel was carry me on le Saint Paradis,
an' I'll say, all sof' to myself :

“ Je mets ma confiance,
Vierge, en votre secours;
Servez moi de défense,
Prenez soin de mes jours.”

An' I'll not open my h'eye. I'll jus' feel dem goin' on, goin' on, an' I'll not t'ink for nodding, jus' be 'appy.

Bymby, I'll t'ink dere's no 'arm for jus' open one h'eye; an' I'll open 'im little bit, an' I'll see somet'ing w'at was pass quick, an' I'll know dat's de fedder of de angel. Den bymby, I'll look some more, an' I'll see somet'ing w'at pass some more, an' 'e look like de tree; an' den some more, an' I'll be sure I'll see de pine. An' den I'll be 'appy, for I'll know ef dere's de bush on le Saint Paradis, I'll be all right—jus' like 'ere.

An' den I'll look down 'longside my nose, an' I'll see de skin—bear-skin. Well! I'll t'ink dat's fonny! An' I'll wait little w'ile, an' den I'll look some more, an' I'll see de skin all right; an' I'll look some more, an' I'll see two men w'at was walk on front an' pull; an' den I'll try for lif' up my 'ead, an' I'll 'ear some-

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

body say, "'Ol' on, Jim!" An' de feller on front stop, an' somebody come up, an' I'll see dere was four feller, an' I'll try for h'ax somet'ing but dey say, "'Ere, try dis!" An' dey 'ol' de bottle on my mout'; an' de minute I'll tas'e 'im, I'll know 'e's w'iskie—an' I'll not be on le Saint Paradis dis time.

Well, dey don' let me say nodding, an' I'll lie dere on dat toboggan an' sleep mos' de time. An' after four day we get down on de settlemen', an' dey tell me dey was pass on my shanty widout see nodding, de snow was cover up de 'ole boutique—w'en all at once dey 'ear like somet'ing fall, an' dey see de smoke come out de top of dat pile snow w'at 'ide everyt'ing; an' dey start for dig for de door, an' dey fin' me jus' end up de las' act 'longside de fire w'at was go out.

No, sir; I'll never be able for 'ear nodding on Alexis an' Joe.

De pries' on de Mission, 'e say dat don' make nodding; ef dey don' be 'ang', dey bot' be burn some day!

An' w'en dat day come, I'll not be cry, me,—for sure!

MĀRIE

MĀRIE

O YES, de English, dat's ver' easy for me
for speak.

My wife, she's English girl, Mārie.
Not Mārie, like de French say. No! Mārie,
English way—Mārie Boyle.

She's de younges' daughter to de ol' Paddy
Boyle w'at work on de mill. Dat's fonny feller,
de ol' man! 'E speak English ver' bad.
'E always say "Bagorry" w'en 'e go for say
"Bagosh"; an' 'e say "kittle" for "pot"; an'
'e wear 'is pipe topside down on 'is mout'; but
w'en 'e swear, 'e swear good an' strong!

De oldes' girl, she's call' Emmā, an' Xiste
Brouillette, de son to de ol' Brouillette w'at
make de barr'l near de church, 'e was cavalier
to 'er.

One night 'e h'ax me for go down wid 'im
for veiller on de ol' Boyle; an' all de way 'e
was speak wid me 'bout Mārie. 'Ow she was

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

be bes' girl on de parish ; 'ow de ol' man was give plenty money wid 'er ; 'ow she was work 'ard ; an' w'at Emmā was tell 'im she speak on me most all de time.

I'll not care for all w'at 'e say. I'll be know dat Mārie ever sence she was little girl, an' I'll not t'ink nodding on 'er. An' ef 'e was tol' me all dat, jus' for 'ear me say somet'ing on Emmā, I'll not be satisfy 'im ; I'll jus' say, " Dat don' make nodding for me."

De ol' Paddy Boyle 'e was good feller, an' I'll go for veiller wid 'im, to 'ear 'im tell de story an' make 'is joke.

One night 'e was say, " W'y don' de young feller get marry ? Dey work 'ard, an' dey t'row 'way deir money. Dey get ol', an' den de good girl not 'ave dem"—an' 'e make long string like dat. Den 'e say, " Look dem two girl ! Same day w'at dey get marry, I'll be give de feller w'at take dem one 'ondre' poun'."

Den I'll say, for make some joke wid de ol' man, " You give 'ondre' poun' wid Emmā, an' you give 'ondre' poun' wid Mārie?"

An' 'e say, " Dat's w'at I'll say."

Den I'll say, " Monsieur Boyle, I'll take de bot'!" An' I'll don' 'ave de word speak afore

MĀRIE

de ol' man stiff out 'is leg quick an' kick my stool, an' I'll fall all over de floor ; an' de ol' feller laugh, an' Xiste 'e laugh, an' de bot' girl dey laugh.

Bagosh ! I'll be so mad, I'll start for make de course for 'ome ; but Mārie she put 'er back on de door, an' she say, "Ah, Melchior ! Please don', Melchior ! Don' min' de ol' fadder, Melchior. Please don'!" An' she say dat so sof', an' she put 'er 'an' on my arm so pretty, an' she look me on de eye so like she was go for cry, all de mad was go off, an' we go back on de fire. An' den we was all laugh, an' de ol' Paddy 'e bring out de bottle, an' we 'ave de little coup, an' make good frien's some more ; an' dat night w'en we was walk 'ome I'll say,

"Bagosh ! Xiste, she's pretty girl ; 'mos' de pretties' girl w'at I'll ever see."

An' 'e say, "Who's pretty girl ?"

An' I'll say, "Never min'!"

Well, after dat I'll go on de ol' Paddy w'enever I'll get de chance, an' dat's not any more wid de ol' man w'at I'll go for veiller, me !

But Mārie she don' be so kin' for me like dat night any more. She laugh plenty ; she

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

sing all de song w'at de ol' man h'ax 'er for sing ; she lis'en w'en I'll tell de story 'bout de bush, an' 'bout w'en I'll go for 'unt ; but I'll never 'ear 'er speak sof' like dat night, an' w'en I'll speak sof', she only laugh an' laugh.

But 'e was nice on dose night ! 'E don' make nodding 'ow 'ard de win' blow, or 'ow 'ard de col' make ; w'en Xiste and me open de door an' bot' de girl an' de ol' Paddy was dere, an' de big stove was roar 'mos' so loud like de win', an' de fire was show red t'rough de crack an' dance on de wall t'rough de 'ole on de door ; an' Emmā, 'er foot go up an' down, up an' down, an' 'er w'eel 'um wid de fire ; an' Mārie she make de stockin', an' 'er 'an's dey dance wid de needle ; an' me an' Xiste an' de ol' Paddy sit an' smoke ; an' we tell de ol' story an' sing de song an' de complaints ; an' de warm of de stove 'e's good, good, till de time come for go.

Xiste an' Emmā was marry de nex' spring, but all de time I'll don' get no more near wid Mārie.

'E go on dat way all de nex' summer, an' de nex' winter, an' de nex' summer after dat.

MĀRIE

An' dat summer dere was come a gennelman from Montréal, an' 'e was board wid de ol' Paddy. 'E don' do nodding but make de picture of de ol' mill, an' de church, an' de red bridge, an' de river, an' de trees. No matter 'ow big dey was, dat make nodding for 'im ; 'e jus' make dem so small w'at 'e want on de picture. Bagosh ! 'e's ver' smart ! An' w'en 'e's dere firs', I'll 'elp 'im all I'll be able.

One time I'll take 'im up so far's de lake on my canoe, an' 'e was 'mos' crazy wid all w'at 'e see. An' sometime 'e 'oller for somet'ing, an' h'ax me for not paddle, an' 'e look an' look, like 'e go for h'eat de 'ole boutique ; an' I'll look too, an' I'll don' see nodding—jus' de same ol' sky, an' de same ol' water, an' de same ol' 'ill' w'at spoil de good farm, an' make me tire' for look on 'im.

Ef dat was all, dat was all correc' ; but dere was Mārie. I'll don't get so much chance for see 'er den, 'cause I'll work on de quarry, an' dey was pay for make over-time, an' I'll stay so long's 'e's not be dark. Sunday's de only time w'at I'll 'ave de chance for veiller ; an' de ol' Paddy 'e's glad for see me work

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

like dat an' make de money, an' 'e tell me dat
ef Mārie say yes, 'e don' say no.

But Mārie ! I'll don' know w'at arrive on 'er !

Sometime I'll t'ink 'e was de paint man ;
but 'e never say nodding. I'll never see 'im
'lone wid 'er. 'E jus' work, work, work, jus'
de same like 'e was make de money wid make
de ol' mill an' de tree small on de picture.
But I'll see Mārie was always wear de bes'
dress, an' she was glad every time 'e speak on
'er ; an' de English soun' so sof' an' nice w'en
dey speak wid each odder.

One night w'en I'll say good-bye, I'll turn
on de door an' I'll say, "Mārie, I'm wait long
time."

An' she say, ver' fas', "De watch' pot never
boil."

An' I'll say, "I'll don' wan' de watch' pot
for Boyle; I'll wan' 'im for me."

An' she laugh at dat, but de eyes dey don'
laugh wid de mout'—an' she don' say nod-
ding.

An' dat be always de way ; I'll get de good
start an' den I'll be stop like dat; an' 'e's pretty
'ard for de man for make all de talk by 'im-
self alone.

MĀRIE

On de middle of de summer Emmā she come 'ome for make de ol' Paddy visit.

'E was de gran'fadder now, an' de little feller was call' like 'im, Paddy—Patrice Brouillette. De ol' man 'e was proud, an' Mārie she was proud too. An' she was wid de little feller all de time; 'ug 'im, an' dance wid 'im, an' speak wid 'im all de time, like dere was no big people on de worl'.

Dat make me glad for see 'er like dat, but sometime 'e make me sore on de 'eart too—for all dat was make nodding for me.

Sometime she laugh all de time, an' don' let me say nodding; sometime she was cross, an' den I'll can' say nodding; an' sometime she was qui't, an' den she don' say nodding; an' every way she was, dat's bad for me; an' I'll t'ink sometime I'll go 'way on de shanty some more.

Well, one day we was work on de quarry, an' de rock we try for blas' was jus' on de top, on de new groun' w'at we open. But dat rock was 'ard, an' we was work on 'im near de 'ole day, an' we make two blas', but 'e don' come. An' de boss say, "Now, boys,

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make dis one good an' deep, an' we blow
de bottom out!"

Well, for sure I'll made dat good blas'! I'll
not be mean wid de powder, an' w'en I'll put
in de brick, I'll tamp 'im down de bes' I'll
know 'ow, an' I'll 'ave dat fuse fix like 'e was
grow on de rock.

Bymby, w'en all was finish', de boss sen' all
de boys off, an' me an' 'im stan' dere, an' w'en
'e see de fuse w'at's outside, 'e laugh an' say,
" Well, dat's long 'nough for coax 'er, for
sure!" An' den 'e say, " Let 'er go!" An' I'll
light 'er up, an' we start.

We was walk over on w'ere de boys was 'ide
widout 'urry, an' we was jus' be dere, w'en
Tenice Lalonde jump up an' swing 'is 'an's an'
yell, " Melchior, look! look!" An' I'll turn
roun' an' I'll see de little Paddy w'at run 'long
de top of de quarry, an' jus' be'in' 'im dere's
Mārie jus' over de top of de 'ill, w'at walk an'
laugh wid de flower on 'er 'an', an' between
us de smoke of de fuse go up like de little
w'ite snake.

I'll see Mārie stop, an' den de laugh go, an'
'er face was w'ite an' fix like 'e was froze
w'en she see w'ere dey was come. Den she

MĀRIE

call, “Paddy! Paddy!” An’ de boss yell,
“Quick, boy! quick! !” an’ ‘e start for de little
feller; an’ I’ll start back for de blas’.

I’ll see only de smoke w’at go up, an’ I’ll
not know ef de fuse was burn to de top ontil
I’ll be kneel over ’im, but I’ll fin’ dere’s jus’
’nough for take good ’ol’.

Wid de one ’an’ I’ll grab dat fuse, an’ I’ll
squeeze ’im all de ’ard I’ll be able, an’ wid de
odder my knife go “pick,” “pick,” on de tamp,
for get de place for cut de fuse pas’ de fire.

I’ll s’pose I’ll only be dere for de smalles’
minute, but everyt’ing go on my ‘ead like I’ll
be dere all my life. I’ll say I’ll mus’n’ pull
too ’ard or p’r’aps de fuse was break. I’ll say
I’ll mus’n’ pick de tamp too ’ard or else de
knife was break; den, ef I’ll not cut far’nough
down, de fire go pas’, an’ dere’s no chance;
den, p’r’aps de fire ’e’s pas’ now; den, will ’e
’urt w’en de blas’ go? An’ p’r’aps all dat don’
make nodding for me any’ow!

Den I’ll see de face of Mārie, all w’ite an’
froze, an’ I’ll say, like de prayer, “O God! O
God!” an’ I’ll risk de cut. One, two—one—,
an’ de fuse come ’way on my ’an’, an’ w’en I’ll
find de en’ was not touch’ wid de fire I’ll try

IN OLD FRANCE AND NEW

for yell, but my t'roat was all stiff, an' I'll 'ol' up de en' of de fuse, an' I'll 'ear de boss say, "T'ank God!"

An' I'll look, an' I'll see 'im an' Mārie w'at was kneel togedder on de groun', an' dey was cover up de little Paddy like dey could keep 'im safe from de blas' w'en 'e come.

An' I'll 'ear de boss say, "Dere, girl! dere girl! don' cry! don' cry!" like 'e was go for cry 'imself. An' den 'e turn roun' on de boys w'at was run up, an' 'e yell, "Get out dis, you fool! Go 'ome!" an' 'e swear strong, an' dey go; an' I'll not know w'y, I'll get up an' I'll go too.

An' bymby de boys h'ax me de question, an' I'll look on my 'an', an' I'll see I'll 'ave dere dat fuse not more long nor 'alf my finger, an' my 'an' was all twis' up wid de fire, an' 'e was cut wid my nail; but dat don' make nodding for me den!

An' dat night late, I'll go down on de ol' Paddy, an' de ol' man meet me on de door, an' 'e jus' take me on de room w'ere de little Paddy was 'sleep wid 'is modder. An' 'e can' say nodding; 'e jus' slap me sof' on de back,



"'I'LL CAN' 'ELP 'IM, I'LL PUT MY GOOD 'AN' ON 'ER 'AIR'"

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MĀRIE

an' I'll jus' feel like dat myself, too! An' I'll not say nodding, an' den we go back on de odder room.

An' dere's no Mārie. An' I'll say, after w'ile, "Mārie, she was sick?"

An' de ol' man shake 'is 'ead, an' 'e go out. An' bymby after w'ile, Mārie she was come an' she sit down near de table, an' she 'ardly look on me. An' I'll speak little w'ile, an' I'll see dat don' do no good; an' den I'll look on 'er, an' I'll say, "Mārie, I'll go on de shanty dis winter."

An' w'en she don' say nodding, I'll feel my 'eart get col' on me like h'ice, an' I'll t'ink 'e's no use for try some more, an' I'll get up.

Den Mārie she put 'er 'ead on de table, an'—I'll can' 'elp 'im—I'll put my good 'an' on 'er 'air, w'at was sof' like de little Paddy.

An' de minute she feel dat, she jump up, wid 'er eye all bright, an' she say, fas' an' 'ard, "W'at for you touch me? 'Ow dare you put your 'an's on me?"

An' I'll say, "Dat was only *one* 'an', Mārie"; an' I'll 'ol' out de odder w'at was all twis' up so I'll can' open 'im; an' Mārie she jus' say

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one word, an' den 'er two arm was roun' my
neck, an'—

Well, dat's Mārie w'at teach me for speak
de English good like dat.

POSTSCRIPTUM

Any one interested in the actual condition of the French-Canadian farmer cannot do better than read that admirable study *L'Habitant de St. Justin*, by M. Léon Gérin, F.R.S.C., of Ottawa, published in the Proceedings of the Royal Society of Canada for 1898.

McLennan, W

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